

BUY THE NEW FAMILY STORY PAPER, "FACT AND FICTION."—OUT SATURDAYS.

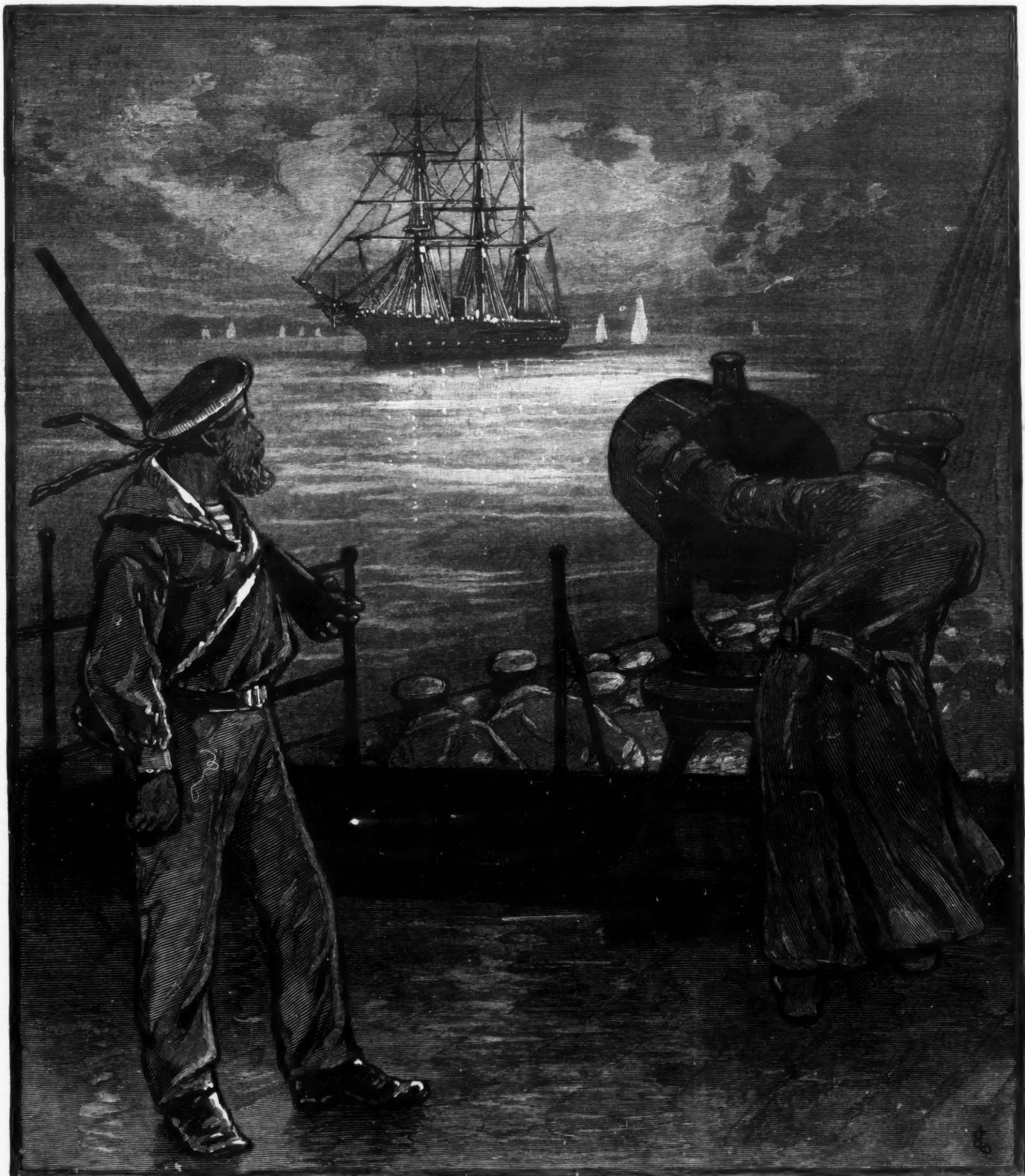
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N.Y., as Second-class Matter.

No. 1,546.—Vol. LX.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 9, 1885.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



VIRGINIA.—AWAITING THE DECLARATION OF WAR—THE RUSSIAN CORVETTE "STRELOK" TURNING HER ELECTRIC LIGHT UPON THE BRITISH CRUISER "GARNET," IN NORFOLK HARBOR.—SEE PAGE 191.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
 53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
 Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MAY 9, 1885.

THE VALUE OF HERAT.

THE first move in hostilities between England and Russia will be a race for Herat. In every step of Russia's wily advance in Central Asia her glance has been fixed on Herat. She has made this steady, never-faltering advance on two converging lines. One line, beginning at the Caspian, struck the Hari-Rud River at Sarakhs, and proceeded along the river to Pul-i-Khatun, and then to Zulfikar, where it now rests. The other line, beginning at Tashkend, struck the River Murghab at Merv, and proceeded along that river to Sari-Yazi, then to Penjdeh, where it now rests, threatening Maruchak. Thus Russia is now in possession of two clear routes from military bases—the Caspian and the Turcoman bases—to two points, neither of which is more than 140 miles from Herat. England's nearest point to Herat is Quetta, 514 miles distant. Thus, in the race for Herat, Russia, in point of distance, would have 370 miles of a start.

What used to give England security, in watching this advance of Russia, was the theory that the Paropamisus range of mountains, lying between these Russian positions and Herat, was an insuperable obstacle. Recent explorations by Sir Peter Lumsden's commission have knocked that theory on the head. There is no such range of mountains between Merv or between Sarakhs and Herat. There is a range of low hills, or, rather, billowy downs, among which are three distinct roads leading to Herat, so good, that a coach-and-four could be driven over them. Herat, then, if hostilities break out, can only be saved from falling into Russia's hands by something like a miracle.

Well, Herat is the "Key of India." Skobelev, the most brilliant of Russian generals in Central Asia, said, in 1882: "A body of European troops established at Herat, and standing with its front to the southeast, would draw upon it the attention of the whole population of India. In that lies the significance of a military occupation of Herat; and it is not without reason that a number of English experts, knowing India well, have expressed their belief that, were an enemy to occupy Herat with a powerful force, the English army, without having fired a shot, would consider itself half beaten." This is the view of Generals Sir Frederick Roberts, Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir Charles McGregor and Sir Peter Lumsden, who is now doing his best to alarm the Home Government into determined resistance to the advance of Russia beyond Penjdeh.

Through Herat, and through Herat alone, the valleys can be entered which lead to the only vulnerable part of India. "The possession of Herat by Russia," says Colonel Malleson, in his "Herat, the Garden and Granary of the East," "means the possession of that one line by which India can be invaded; the possession of Herat by England means the annihilation of all the Russian hopes of an invasion of India." India was conquered six times in the past by invading armies—under Alexander the Great, under Mahmud, under Ghengis Khan, under Timour the Tartar, under Nadir Shah, and under Ahmad Shah—and each time the possession of Herat was the first essential to the conquest. Herat not only commands the way to the vulnerable points of India, but it is in the centre of the most fertile district of all Central Asia; place an army there, however large, and no supplies need be brought to it from Europe.

This is the value of Herat, the place to which all eyes will be turned the moment England and Russia silence their diplomatists and let loose their generals, and for the possession of which one of the most remarkable races in military history will be run.

A CONSTITUTIONAL PRESIDENT.

THE founders of the Constitution clearly distinguished and allotted the three functions of government—the legislative, the executive, and the judicial. For more than a hundred years the department of justice has been able to maintain its particular position. In recent years, however, the functions of the executive and legislative departments have become more or less mingled. The President has more or less directly influenced legislation; and the executive function of the appointment of public officers has been to no small degree arrogated by the members of Congress.

Mr. Cleveland is returning to the early and correct conception of the character of the Presidency. His conception as distinctly removes the office from legislative functions as it has always been remote from judicial duties. His duty to enforce the laws which Congress passes is as apparent as it is the duty of Congress to make laws. Among the most important duties which the Constitution imposes on the President is the duty of the appointment of "Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, Judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for and which shall be established by law." This duty the President has sub-

stantially resigned to Congress. The delegation of a State has usually determined the Federal officeholders of that State. Its advice has with the President had great, if not controlling, force. As a result, Congress has not been able to attend to its proper legislative work. Session after session has passed, measure after measure has been introduced for action—measures of prime importance—and little has been accomplished for conserving the public welfare. The members have been so busy in attending to post-office, custom-house and other appointments in their respective States, that they have had no time to perform their duties as Congressmen. Legislation has thus constantly and seriously suffered.

This evil result the inauguration of a constitutional President has tended, and will tend yet more completely, to wipe out. Under the Civil Service régime, the President will be able to make proper appointments without drawing unduly upon the time and strength of Representatives and Senators. The Representatives and Senators will thus be able to give their attention to the work of legislation committed to their care. There is reason to hope that the forthcoming sessions of Congress will not be characterized by that lack of regard for public interests which has marked recent sessions. Legislation will become more prompt, more adequate, and more wise. The President, on the other hand, will be, not the clerk or chairman of a Congressional committee on public offices, but *President* in act as well as in name.

THE SEASON'S SPORTS.

THE season for outdoor sports is opening with exceptional promise. In the racing world, the Louisiana meetings have already been held, and the Tennessee and Kentucky meetings come next, with racing at Chicago in Midsummer. In the East, the satin-skinned thoroughbreds meet first at Washington and Baltimore. Near New York, the steeplechases of the Rockaway Hunt open on May 9th. The Coney Island Jockey Club opens the Sheepshead Bay Course on May 23d, and there will be a special meeting at Jerome Park on May 27th, the regular opening coming as usual on Decoration Day. The colors of Lorillard, the Dwyers, Cassatt, Withers and Westbrook will flash in many a hotly contested field, and the season promises to be big with events. The liberal support given to racing of late years has caused more attention to be paid to breeding, and more horses are in training now than ever before. Those who prefer trotting-races may see Maud S. lower the record, or they can watch the performances of Harry Wilkes or Maxey Cobb. Yachtsmen have been stimulated to new efforts by the prospect of races between the *Genesta* and *Galatea* and American yachts for the *America's Cup*. Notwithstanding financial depression, yacht-builders are busy, and yacht-owners are anticipating the day of putting their fleet vessels into commission. The Eights of Harvard and Yale are already in practice, Harvard with a new stroke; and the Columbia oarsmen, with members of the New York Athletic Club and various rowing associations, are dotting the Harlem River with their shells. College baseball nines and lacrosse teams are in the field. The professional baseball season is well under way. This year, New York sends out a strong League team, but the Metropolitans, champions in the Association last year, show little of their old form as yet. There will be no international rifle match at Creedmoor this year, for the British riflemen may be testing their skill on living Russian targets ere long. Few of the 1,200 bicyclists in New York have not by this time mounted their silent steeds, and anathematized the Park Commissioners for not throwing open freely the long, level stretches of Central Park. There is talk of grand "meets," long excursions, and sharp racing, which will overshadow all former exploits of American wheelmen. A little later, bronzed and muscular canoeists will explore our lakes and rivers; and in still remoter wilds, the lover of the gentle craft, scorning the "preserves" of Long Island, will shrewdly drop his deceiving flies over gold-spotted, gamy trout.

Altogether, this season is likely to be the most notable ever known in the annals of our outdoor sports. It is encouraging to find that the busy, nervous, hardworking American is accepting the gospel of recreation. There has been a great change in the last twenty years. Now our people obey the law of nature, and take themselves out-of-doors in Summer to repair the Winter's wear and tear of brain and body. The young men are learning that outdoor sports are better than a lounge at a fashionable hotel. They will come back from the sea, the river, or the woods with an added lease of life. This year, from the race-track to the yacht's deck, from the mountains to the ball-field and the river, the gospel of sensible recreation will be nobly illustrated throughout our broad land.

THE SITUATION AT PANAMA.

THE United States has a greater interest in the free transit of the Isthmus than any other nation. Our treaty obligations and our commercial necessities require us to keep the Panama Railroad—as yet the only line of transit—open. New Orleans is only three and a half days, and New York only nine, from it, while the capital of Colombia is twenty-five days' distant. When danger to it arises, we must do our duty promptly and effectively. Accordingly, when, a few weeks ago, a revolutionary mob burned Colon and took possession of

Panama, interrupting the operations of the railroad and endangering life and property, we lost no time in sending war-vessels to Panama and a force of marines to Colon, and by this assertion of power order was at once restored. Our troops crossed the Isthmus, opened the route, occupied Panama, and hoisted the American flag over the Central Telegraph offices. The movements of our naval forces, under Admiral Jouett and Commander McCalla, were prompt and decisive, and were evidently made under express Executive orders. The results were very satisfactory, and the action of the Government was widely approved. But later occurrences have caused a change in the public temper. Scarcely had the work been done when it was apparently undone. It appears that the revolutionary general, Aizpuru, yielded at once to the power of the United States troops, and resorted to diplomacy. Upon his promise to keep the railroad open and to respect American property, our forces were withdrawn from the City of Panama, and fears of violence and disorder were immediately renewed. Urgent remonstrances have been sent to this country, and there is now a general disposition to charge our authorities with backing down from a plain duty promptly undertaken. These reproaches may prove to be entirely unfounded when the facts come to be fully understood. It is not our province to mingle in the revolutionary disturbances of the United States of Colombia. Her regular forces are now in possession of Panama, and the internal troubles will probably soon reach a conclusion. With our vessels of war on either side, and our marines at hand, it is not likely that the railroad will be further disturbed, or the lives and property of our citizens endangered. At all events, our duty relates especially to the line of transit, and not to the protection of private property.

By Article XXXV. of the Treaty of 1846, between the United States and New Granada, we became bound to guarantee the neutrality of the Isthmus, and under this guaranty the railroad was built. In 1849 the railroad company sought to secure also the guaranty of England and France, but failed to do so. In 1871 there were intimations from our Government of a desire to terminate this sole responsibility, but it remains. It has always been manifest that the Colombian Government was unable to maintain this neutrality. She has no navy and no means of maintaining one, and in her present bankrupt condition she will be fortunate if she succeeds in putting a speedy end to the present rebellion in this remote end of her dominions. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that we should now fully discharge the duty which by our treaty obligations rests upon us alone. We have become the trustee, in effect, of this international highway. Great Britain and France in 1849 declined to share it, because they deemed us equal to it. Lately, France has become deeply interested in the Canal project, and the shares of the railroad company have been, in fact, purchased by the canal company. But our duty remains; and, in the words of our Minister at Bogota, written to Mr. Frelinghuysen two years ago, "This trust can neither be abused or neglected, except under accountability to the moral sense of the whole commercial world."

HORRIBLE TRAGEDIES.

STRANGE impulses to murder, or curious deliberation, have marked three of the most extraordinary crimes ever known in the United States, apparently demonstrating that none of us, occupying the most intimate relationships, friendships, or ties of betrothal, are safe from the murderous hands of those we deem our best beloved. In one of the cases we find a youth so well endowed mentally that he was the valedictorian of his class at Yale College; so well organized physically that he was remarkable as an athlete, and so popular with his fellows that they style him "a hail fellow well met!" Added to these traits are testimonials of his industry, his ambition as a lawyer, and exemplary conduct in general, and particularly in the family circle. And yet this young man, a member of a cultured family, deliberately invites his own mother and his lovely and interesting sister into a grove adjoining the village where they reside, and brutally kills them, ending by his own suicide with the same pistol! Nothing but an inexplicable note, declaring his purpose, and indicating his uncertainty in a hereafter, explains any possible motive to the crime.

Quite as startling is the case of Preller, supposed to have been chloroformed to death in a hotel-room in St. Louis, then despoiled of his money and jewels, and afterwards packed away in a zinc trunk; and all this, as circumstances strongly go to show, done by his intimate friend, beneficiary and fellow-traveler, and an educated physician of the same nationality. The third tragedy, showing in the principals the same good-breeding, education and family connections conspicuous in the others alluded to, exhibits a handsome young Virginia girl, a distant relation of President Madison, alleged to have been first betrayed under promise of marriage by her own cousin, a relative of President Tyler and a member of the Richmond Bar, and then to have been decoyed by the same man to the old reservoir of the city in the night-time and thrown into the basin, where she was discovered dead by the authorities.

It will be remarked that in none of these cases of murderous violence were the known or alleged perpetrators vulgar criminals, or of the ignorant walks of society; that there was every reason, as there was every

indication, that the victims felt the profoundest sense of security in their presence, and that the events themselves were as startling as horrible. And yet, suggestive in a way as the crimes are, it does not tend to lessen our confidence in our daily or chance surroundings. This is well, for we do not believe in what is styled the "epidemic of crime," nor has any specialist ever been able to show (save, perhaps, in forms of robbery, bunco, and the like) that the brutal crimes were ever more than coincidences, or the results of organized bands of desperadoes following up devices which have proved successful in baffling the police. An instance of this was the great prevalence of garroting in London at one time; but this was summarily stopped when an Act was passed sending the offenders to Newgate, there to be flogged in the most exemplary fashion; then garroting ceased. But the mere phases of the taking of human life are not epidemic, and it is because of this that the cases cited may be regarded as phenomenal, although they are all remarkable. And, reflect as we may, there is no way to prevent, or foresee, or imagine, any such events. There are, however, a class of suicides and murders which are often proclaimed by their perpetrators, and these certainly merit some prompt action. It is an ordinary, everyday case to hear of men and women declaring murderous intentions, which are lightly dismissed, only to find afterwards that the threats have been carried out. And, finally, much of the misery that comes from violent deaths can be directly traced to the reckless sale of firearms, drugs and poisons, and to the wandering at large of partially or wholly insane people; and we imagine that no better service could be done to society than a thorough investigation, by competent authorities, of what measures should be taken to protect its members from murderous self-violence or otherwise.

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP.

IT is generally thought that the so-called "Freedom of Worship" Bill has received its death-blow in the Assembly, the motion to make it a special order having been lost. To pass it would have required a two-thirds vote; but the roll-call showed fifty-eight in favor of it to fifty-eight against—twelve absent, or not voting. It is very significant that an analysis of this vote shows that every one of the fifty-eight in favor were Democrats, while, of the fifty-eight opposed, all but two were Republicans. So the proposition to permit Catholic priests to minister to patients or inmates in public institutions or private institutions which are nominally non-sectarian is a straight party question, limited by the drawing of party lines.

To give a categorical decision upon the question would be difficult, for it seems to be one on which neither of the disputants is exactly right. It is obvious, of course, that if any theology is taught in a public institution, or a private institution assisted by public money, all theologies should have free entrance. It is preposterous to claim that in a particular case "religion is taught, but not theology," for there can be no religion without a theology going before, though there might be a system of morals without either. Indeed, in the last analysis, it is *only* theology that can be taught; religion can only be felt, or experienced. Theology refers to a Creator, a Redeemer, a Hereafter; and if one man gives his views of these to the inmates of any public institution, it follows that all men whose presence is desired by any of the inmates must have the same right. There is no other justice under a scheme of government like ours, where all men are equal before the law.

If Catholic teachers are not to be allowed in the institutions in question, there are only two possible ways out of the dilemma: The institutions must cease to shelter Catholic inmates, or they must cease to receive money from the State. If they become entirely sectarian, they can be as exclusive as a convent is; or, if they receive only Protestant inmates, or the children of Protestants, and still accept the money of the State, they are, of course, not expected to admit a teacher whose views are alien to the creed of all. The simplest way is for the State to secularize its gifts: to appropriate no money whatever to any private or Church institution of any sort, and then let it abolish chaplains in all State institutions, and have a room in each set apart where the inmates may, without any expense to the State, assemble and confer with the clergymen of their choice. This common-sense method has been practiced for thirty years in the British army and in all British institutions, and there is not a voice raised in favor of its abandonment. It is no unusual sight to see an Episcopal officer march a squad of Catholic soldiers to Mass, and saunter up and down in front of the church till the rite in which he has no participation is at an end. This is the sort of freedom we must have before we can have harmony.

SHALL BRAIN-WORK BE PAID FOR?

FOR several years, now, American authors, largely centred in the Authors' Club, and actively represented by George Parsons Lathrop, have striven to secure from Congress the concession of an International Copyright Law. Congress has parleyed, dallied, hesitated, and the land of promise still seems afar off. All thoughtful men agree that the protection ought to be given. The words of the report made to Congress by Webster and Clay, that without such protection our book-publishing is little less than piracy, and the declaration of Dickens, that "without it no nation can ever have and keep a literature of its own," express a feeling that is well-

nigh universal. As a matter of fact, America now has no literature outside of her newspapers and periodicals, and she cannot have as long as the last utterance of Wilkie Collins, Black, Owen Meredith, Daudet, Zola and Max O'Rell are stolen, reprinted, and offered on bookstalls for ten cents by the side of the last dollar books of our own poets and novelists. Most of the best book-making brain of this country is to-day employed on newspapers—not of preference, but because the earning of daily bread is the primary question, and the luxury of creating imaginative literature quite subordinate. Sir Walter Scott worked himself to death because tens of thousands of his books were stolen in this country, and sold without compensation to him. Cooper and Longfellow suffered almost as much from the piracy of Great Britain.

Both countries ought to be ashamed of themselves. England has expressed contrition and stretched forth her hand. It is the American Congress that hesitates—hesitates wickedly and disgracefully, when even our cheap publishers, who alone might be supposed to cherish an adverse interest, have announced themselves in favor of the act of mutual justice and goodwill. If an international copyright were arranged, books would still be cheap enough. All the literary creation of France and England up to the moment of its adoption would still be sold for a dime as now—Hugo, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Macaulay, Trollope, Bulwer, Byron, Milton, Shakespeare! Only the books thereafter written would be enhanced in price. In other words, "The soft-handed sons of Toil," as Dr. Holmes calls authors, would thenceforth be paid for their work, instead of having half of it confiscated. Then would arise among us an independent and productive literary guild—young and ambitious writers, worthy of the country and of themselves. Is it not worth striving for?

THE POOL BILL.

THE law against pool-selling in this State has not been enforced at Saratoga or at Sheephead Bay, but, by the interference of Dr. Howard Crosby and others, pool-selling has been prevented at Jerome Park. The legality of book-making, as practiced at Jerome Park, has not been passed upon, and some opportunities for "backing opinions" have been obtained through temporary injunctions. At Brighton Beach, racing has become partly a matter of cheap gambling. Screws and hacks are run for a hundred days in the year. Pool-tickets have been sold for a dollar, and cheap pool-rooms have flourished in this city and Brooklyn, absorbing the money of young clerks and errand-boys, and tempting them to crime. The scandal became so great that District Attorney Ridgway, of Brooklyn, began a prosecution which resulted in the sentence of Paul Bauer and others to the Penitentiary. Under the present law, it appears that a similar prosecution must be entered upon if pool-selling is begun at Sheephead Bay. This is a different thing. The members of the Coney Island and American Jockey Club are not gamblers nor swindlers. They are gentlemen, spending large amounts in developing the breed of race-horses, and their influence is of value to every lover of the horse. They have submitted to the Legislature what is known as the Hawkins Pool Bill, which provides that the present law shall not apply to grounds owned or occupied for the purpose of horse-racing by any agricultural or racing association during its regular races, provided there are not more than four a year, lasting each for fifteen days. Provision is made against selling tickets to minors, or selling them for less than five dollars. The Bill will prevent such demoralizing practices as have been seen at Brighton Beach, while it will be welcomed by the better class of turf patrons. It has received the support of men like August Belmont, W. H. Vanderbilt, D. O. Mills, Leonard Jerome, and W. R. Travers. If it fails to pass the Legislature, racing at Sheephead Bay and Jerome Park will suffer a fatal injury. We think that the gentlemen who are responsible for the racing at these places can be trusted to manage it properly, and we hope that the Hawkins Pool Bill may receive the indorsement of the Legislature.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE suspense in regard to the great war question continues, but evidently it must soon end. Earl Granville's last note to Russia still holds out a proposal for arbitration; yet it is evident enough that Russia is anxious for war, and that England expects and is prepared for it. Daily the boundary question moves further out of the domain of diplomatic discussion and into that of military action. Russia, scarcely stopping to give her evasive answer to the Komaroff inquiry, has placed herself in position for a tiger-like spring upon Herat, and her future movement will not be a retrograde one.

The British Budget for 1885, which was submitted to the House of Commons last Thursday, shows the largest deficit since the Crimean War. Its forecast created something of a sensation; and Mr. Childers, Chancellor of the Exchequer, truly said that it would require a great demand upon the patriotism of the people. The only interesting news from Egypt is found in Mr. Gladstone's statement in the House of Commons, that the expedition to Khar-toum has been practically abandoned, after the Government has expended four millions sterling. The demand for an extra half-million for the probable expense of conveying the troops from Egypt to India is among the most significant and threatening announcements made.

Thanks to the vigilance of the police, the last days of the Prince of Wales's Irish jaunt passed in comparative tranquillity; and the royal party were enabled to make their adieux and return to London without a repetition of the County Cork scrimmages. The visit, as a whole, was not without pleasant features, and did not, perhaps, arouse as much hostility as had been expected; but such enthusiasm as greeted it was of an artificial character, and little augury could be derived from it as to the actual sentiment of the Irish people towards their rulers at the present time. It is evident, however, that the latter believe in the pacific effect of the royal presence in the Emerald Isle, and the latest report is to the effect that the Government proposes to buy for Prince Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, as a place of permanent residence in Ireland, the celebrated Ardbraccan Palace, at Navan.

"No DEMOCRAT shall succeed me in the United States Senate if I and my friends can prevent it," said General Logan, in a recent interview. And he might have still further remarked, with equal candor and truthfulness, "No other Republican shall succeed me in the United States Senate if I and my friends can prevent it."

PHILADELPHIA is planning for a ten days' encampment in Fairmount Park, to end on July 4th with a sham battle. It is expected that not less than 10,000 National Guardsmen and State Militia from all parts of the country will participate. There is no reason why the different commands should not enjoy this sort of a picnic

if they so desire; but for any other benefit to be derived from such a gathering, the week of practical military life at the State Camp of Instruction at Peekskill is of vastly greater service.

WITH the loyalty of a true Englishman, Thackeray would have revised his opinion of American oysters, and Henry Irving would not have animadverted on them as he did, could these gentlemen have seen far enough ahead to discover their gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria, ordering a supply of Norwalk (Conn.) oysters for her own private use. A barrel was shipped, recently, of the finest bivalves that could be selected, all of a size, fat and luscious, even the shells being given a rough polish, before being stowed away in one of the fastest ocean steamships.

THE "true inwardness" of Riel's alarming successes in the Northwest has at last been disclosed by a British officer at Winnipeg. Riel lays claim to superhuman power, the officer says. He gives out that he is the High Priest, Prophet, Messiah, etc. This accounts for his conduct. He is the American El Mahdi. It must be admitted that Riel moves with all the self-confidence of the Soudanese Prophet, and if he is such a leader, perhaps General Middleton had better withdraw and declare the rebellion "collapsed"—as the departing Wolseley describes the present status of El Mahdi.

THE power of the press has again been notably illustrated in the withdrawal of the nomination of Mr. Keiley to be United States Minister to Italy, and his acceptance of the Austrian portfolio in its place. The fact that he is so fervent a Catholic as to make him offensive to the peninsula where religion is rapidly being superseded by atheism, should only make him more welcome to the devout empire of Franz Josef, where modern heresy has scarcely yet got foothold. Moreover, Austria is quite as likely to be involved in the Anglo-Russian quarrel as Italy is, so the mission will scarcely be a sinecure, if worst comes to worst.

THE ratifications of the Convention between this country and Italy, June 11th, 1884, have at last been concluded. It is supplemental to the Convention of 1868, for the extradition of fugitive criminals. By the terms of the new Convention, the kidnapping of minors or adults, or the detention of one or more persons for the purpose of extorting money from them or their families, or for any other unlawful purpose, is added to the crimes for which extradition may be granted. This is directly aimed at the iniquitous padrone system, and, if properly enforced, will prove of great assistance in doing away with one of the worst forms of white slavery, the extent and cruelty of which is but little understood.

At the eleventh hour, and after much hesitation, if not reluctance, Governor Hill signed the Niagara Park Bill, and the tardy act was followed by universal rejoicing—almost universal, at any rate. They do say that a lot of "proprietors of Summer resorts" had the impudence to write, begging the Governor not to sign it but to veto it, on the preposterous ground that it would make Niagara much more popular than ever, and so would diminish their patronage! The Niagara ginger-pop sellers at the Falls may also have opposed it for some inconceivable reason, and the proprietors of the factories, who have harnessed the beauty and grandeur of the place to their wheels, for a reason which is entirely conceivable. But the measure, which has been struggling for eight years, is at last a law, and the Dominion of Canada, at whose instance the Bill was originally presented, will, doubtless, respond cordially and effectively with a similar sister reservation. So shall the vandals be overcome and routed, and Manitou, the god of the Hurons, shall return rejoicing to his throne in the spray of the great cataract.

BUILDING INSPECTOR D'OENCH has been examining the numerous brick shells that Buddensiek has put up for tenements in different parts of New York city, and finds that none of them were erected according to law, and that most of them are dangerous and require to be torn down and rebuilt, in whole or in part. This is all very well, but where was Inspector D'Oench when this mud-mortar was being mixed, these fragile iron pillars being stuck up, these tumble-down walls being reared? What was he appointed to inspect, anyhow? Has he ever inspected anything but his salary? Has he ever ordered a building taken down because it was a sham, or stopped it in process of erection, till the Buddensiek collapse caused all citizens to inquire what inspectors were appointed and paid for? Buddensiek says, in his wrath, that he will "make it hot for the inspectors." What does he mean by that? Does he hold their receipts for money paid? Finally, are not the inspectors as guilty as Buddensiek, and ought they not to be compelled to pay half the cost of reconstructing the worthless death-traps which he was allowed to rear?

In the "Authors' Readings," at the Madison Square Theatre, which realized \$2,000 for the International Copyright Fund, it looks as if a new and flavorful sort of entertainment had been discovered. It is of a popular kind, surely, for the theatre was packed to the back seat of the gallery with a fashionable and intellectual assembly. And everybody sat it out for three hours and clamored for more. Among the readers and talkers were George William Curtis, Robert Collyer, W. D. Howells, Julian Hawthorne, R. H. Stoddard, H. C. Bunner, H. H. Boyesen, Frank Stockton, Henry Ward Beecher, Mark Twain, Will Carleton, and several other celebrities. Was it not worth two dollars for a good seat to see all these geniuses and hear them read their own productions?—to find out that the short, thick-set, genial-looking person, with black hair parted in the middle and decorated with a bang, was Howells; that he with the towed shock of red hair and a face the battlefield of grins and wrinkles, was Mark Twain; that the conscientious and earnest theological student, daintily dressed and fortified behind eye-glasses, was the incongruous Bunner, editor of *Puck*; that the tall, refined-looking personage, in cut-away coat, delicate mustache and straggling curly brown hair, was Hawthorne; that the lean, cadaverous, hatchet-faced agriculturist was Will Carleton, bucolic laureate; that the chubby blonde was Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen, of Scandinavia; that the languid and lean visitor was Frank Stockton, of Rudder Grange precincts; that the silver-mounted person leaning against the wings at the left of the stage was Stoddard; and that Robert Collyer and Henry Ward Beecher were not each other indiscriminately, but that each was decidedly himself? Is not this worth two dollars? And besides these, on the stage, were Gilder, of the *Century*; George Parsons Lathrop, Edgar Fawcett, O. B. Bunce, Andrew Carnegie, Edward Eggleston, E. C. Stedman, Rossiter Johnson, and a dozen others as well known in our current literature. And in the audience were Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Southworth, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and other eminent women. Was it not worth two dollars? Verily, it was worth ten dollars!

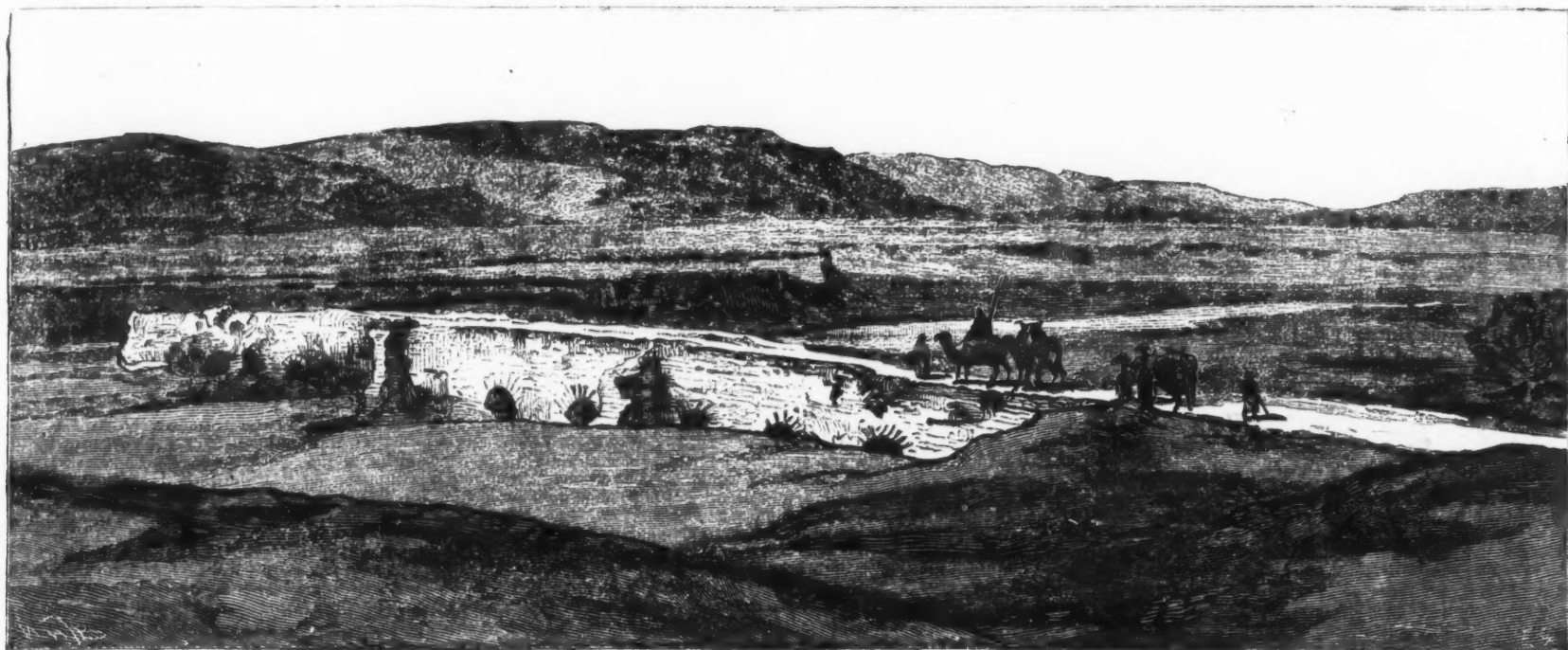
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 191.



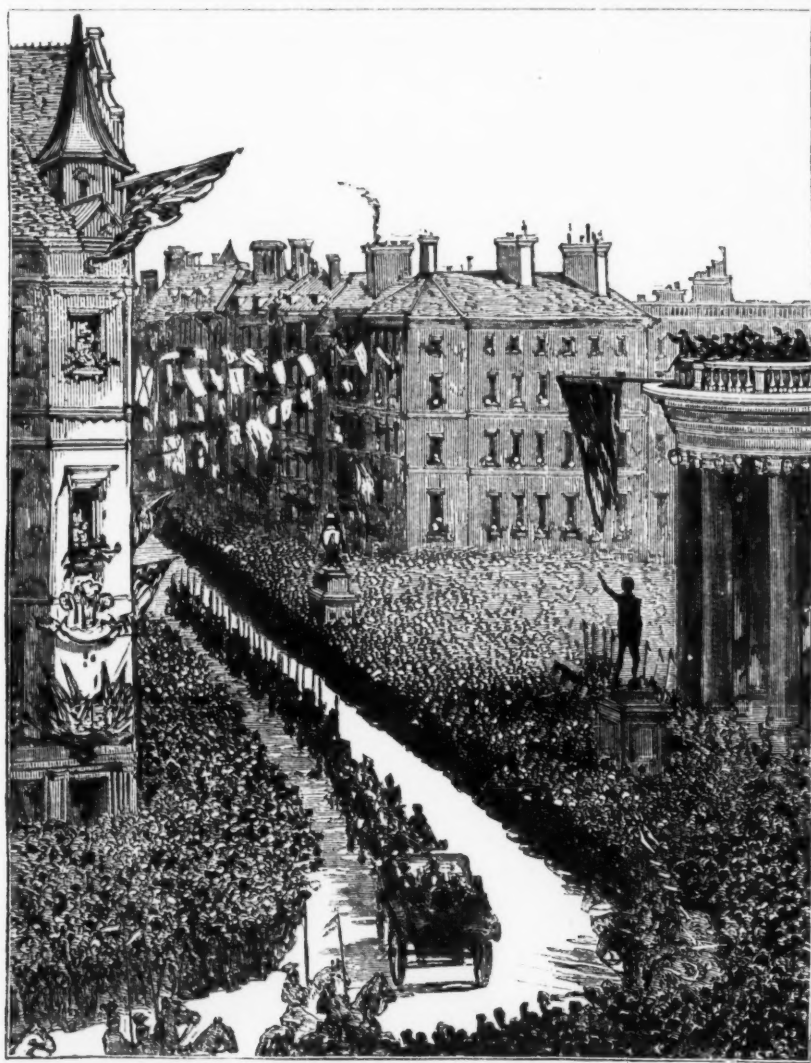
ENGLAND.—THE LATE EARL CAIRNS.



BELGIUM.—CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF KING LEOPOLD II.



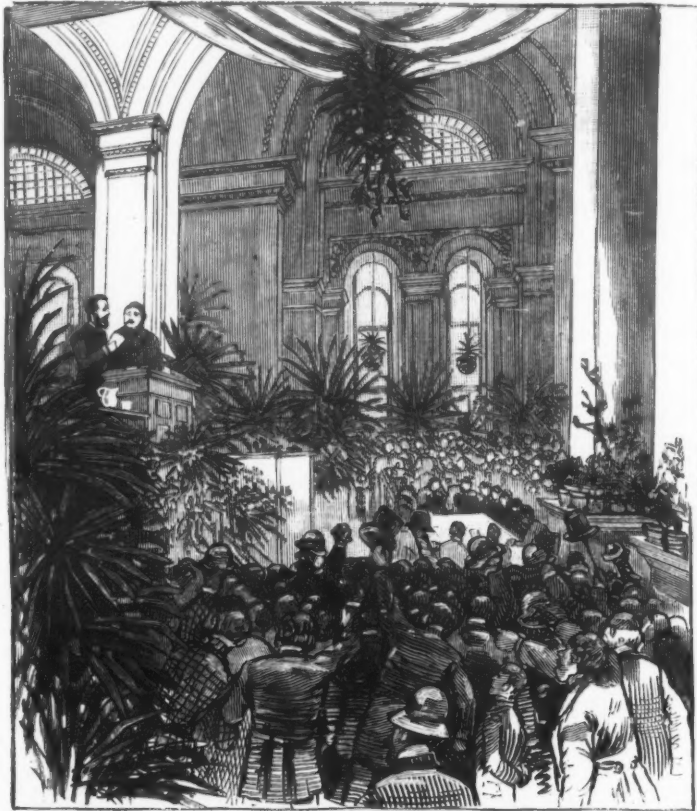
AFGHANISTAN.—VIEW OF THE KUSHK VALLEY FROM PUL-I-KHISTI, WHERE THE RECENT BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.



IRELAND.—THE ROYAL VISIT—THE PROCESSION PASSING TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.



AUSTRALIA.—RABBIT EXTERMINATION IN VICTORIA.



PRESENTING THE BUILDING TO THE PRESIDENT.



THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE NEW BUILDING.



NEW YORK CITY.—FORMAL OPENING OF THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDING, HANOVER SQUARE, ON THURSDAY, APRIL 30TH.

THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDING.

THE handsome and commodious building, which henceforth is to be the home of the New York Cotton Exchange, has already been described and pictorially represented in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. On Thursday

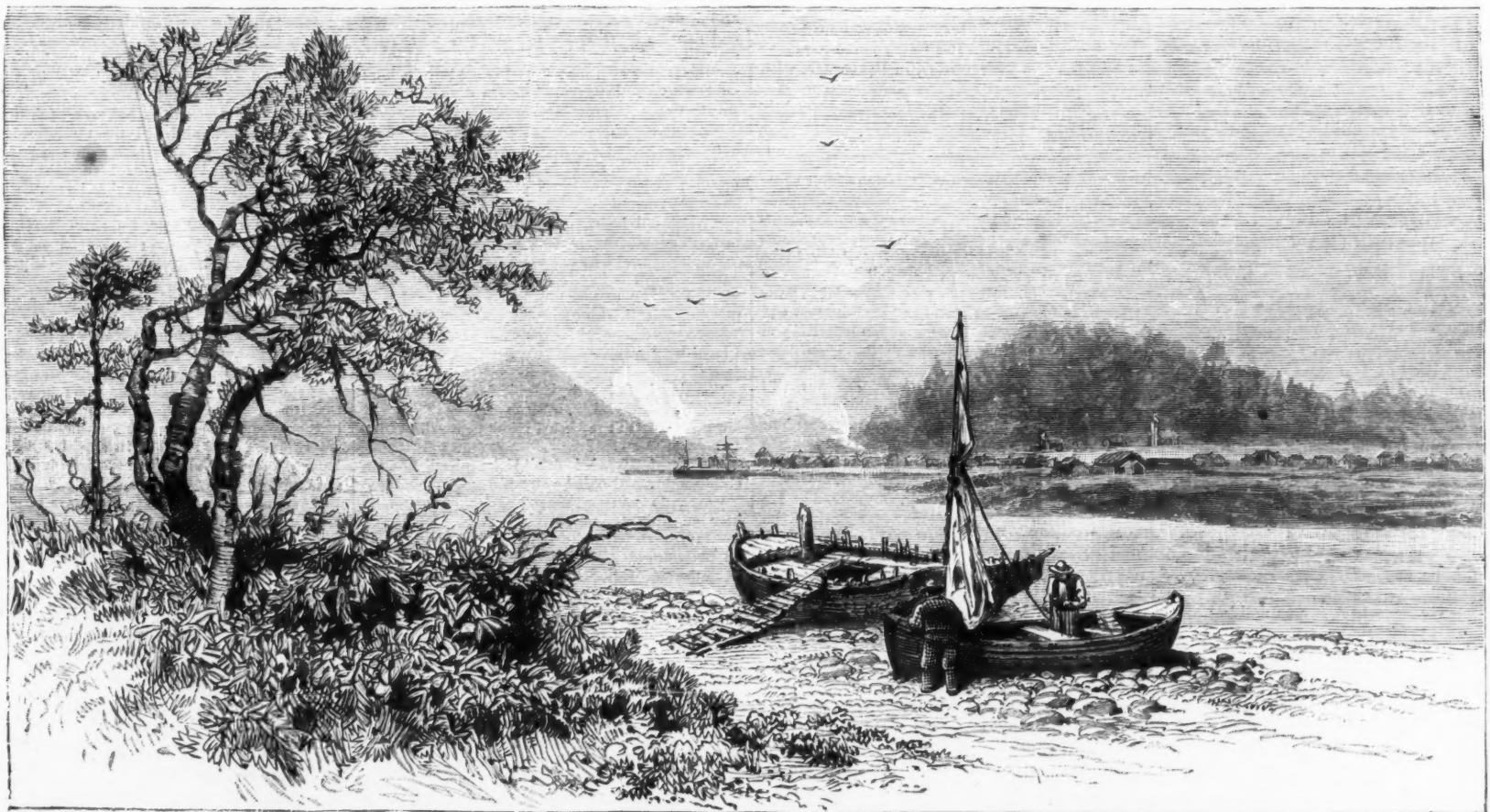
of last week it was formally opened, in the presence of a large assemblage of prominent representatives of commercial New York, and delegations from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Buffalo, Albany and other cities.

First, the members of the Cotton Exchange, with their guests, assembled in the old Cotton Exchange building, which stands diagonally

across the street from the new edifice. Here the ceremonies began, under the charge of an executive committee, comprising a number of the best-known cotton brokers.

Mr. James F. Neuman, ex-President of the Cotton Exchange, delivered the farewell address in the old building. He spoke of the progress of the Exchange, and of the many events which had

taken place within the walls of the structure which was now to be deserted for larger and better quarters. Gilmore's band played "Auld Lang Syne," and the chorus was sung by the large company present. After bidding good-by to the old building, the company assembled in the square outside, and forming in procession marched to the new edifice. Mr. William V. King acted as



ALASKA.—FORT WRANGELL, THE MILITARY POST AND MISSIONARY STATION ON WRANGELL ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 197.

grand marshal. The procession filed into the main hall. Each man wore a badge representing the hall of a cotton plant. Prayer was offered by Assistant Bishop Henry C. Potter, of the Diocese of New York, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the new temple of trade. Then Gilmore's Band played "The Lost Chord." Mr. Walter T. Miller, Chairman of the Building Committee, handed the keys of the new Exchange to President Siegfried Gruner, brief remarks being made by the two gentlemen. The exercises also included addresses by Congressman Abram S. Hewitt, Mayor William R. Grace and Mayor Seth Low. The programme was an artistic affair. On the cover was the seal of the Exchange in gold, representing a cotton plant in full bloom, and showing the inscription, "New York Cotton Exchange; chartered 1871."

The cotton centre has always been in the neighborhood of Hanover Square. The present organization of brokers held its first meeting in July, 1870, at Delmonico's. On July 20th a Constitution was adopted, and 100 members applied for admission at \$100 each. In May, 1872, the price of a seat was \$500, and now it is \$5,000. In 1871 the building at Pearl Street, Hanover Square and Stone Street was purchased for \$115,000.

About three years ago, a triangular piece of ground, bounded by Hanover Square, William and Beaver Streets, was purchased at a cost of \$382,500, and the members voted to tear down the old building and erect a new one. Six architects were selected out of twenty-four applicants to prepare plans. It was decided that the cost of the building should be limited to \$500,000. Subsequently a plan was agreed upon, and George B. Post was selected as the architect. The length of the structure fronting on Hanover Square is 89 feet; on Beaver Street, 87 feet; and on William Street, 116 feet. The principal entrance is at William and Beaver Streets. The building is six stories high, with an additional parapet story, and over all a high mansard roof. On the front is a large cone-shaped tower. The basement story is made of limestone, white in color. The upper portion of the building is of cream-colored brick, and decorated with terra-cotta ornaments. Everything is fine, massive, in perfect symmetry, and pleasing to the eye. The open court on the east and south sides affords good ventilation and light to each of the ninety-two offices, nearly all of which have been rented on long-term leases. Each office is provided with a telephone.

The Exchange room, which is large and finely ornamented, is on the second floor, covering nearly the whole superficial area of that story. Elevators also run from the bottom to the top of the building. The present officers of the Exchange are as follows: Siegfried Gruner, president; Charles D. Miller, vice-president; Walter T. Miller, treasurer; William V. King, secretary; Edward R. Powers, superintendent; E. R. Robertson, P. A. Fachiri, R. P. Salter, Thomas Scott, K. M. Murchison, K. Meissner, William Mohr, James M. White, Jr., R. Siedenburg, Thomas M. Foote, F. W. Williams, Charles H. Small, John L. Macaulay and J. H. Hollis, managers.

OUR BOYS.

Oh! the merry, merry children!
Is there music half so sweet
As the hurrying, happy tramping
Of their swift, home-coming feet?
What would earth-life be without them,
With their glad, tumultuous noise?
Better than a purse o'er-flowing
Is a house well-filled with boys.

Manhood has its cares and trials,
And each happy heart must bear,
As we do, with self-denials,
Have their own great load of care.
So 'tis best we do not rob them
Of their all so-fleeting joys;
In the world, or the grave's keeping,
We shall some day lose our boys.

Oh! the dear feet of the children!
When I see them come and go,
I am minded of my darling
Who departed long ago.
When my boys come hurrying homeward,
With their swift and agile bound,
Think! I of the feet gone onward,
Dearest feet that make no sound.

And to-day, of all the music
I this side of heaven could hear,
Just the sound of those dear footfalls
Would be sweetest to my ear.
So I do not chide my darlings
If they fill the house with noise;
All too soon the world will claim them,
All too soon we lose our boys.

HELEN A. MANVILLE.

RICHMOND KEITH'S DISAPPEARANCE.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

"Weep, O Love, the days that flit,
Now when I can feel thy breath;
Then may I remember it,
Sad and cold, and near my death.
Kiss me, Love, for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?"

"ONE morn we missed him," was quoted more than once in those first days of wonder and surprise, and "Where can Richmond Keith have gone? What has become of Richie Keith—do you know?" was passed from lip to lip in all his favorite haunts, in season and out of season—everywhere.

Suddenly the young fellow had dropped from out the ranks—all who loved him missed him—all who knew him had a good word for Richie Keith. But he was gone—none knew why, or whither.

Did he never come back?—was nothing more ever known by those who claimed a right of friendship and comradeship? Hush! there are ears quick to hear, listening even yet for tidings of the lost one; and there is sorrow in the story.

For, high up among the high Northern hills, there chances to be an old homestead, where the pines whisper—whisper day and night of what was spoken in their shadows; they tell of love-vows whispered in the cloistered aisles roofed high with green, while the air stirred softly, and the needles fell sharp and thick about the feet that walked closely, two and two, across the odorless stillness.

Noon! hot noon! and the love-vows are warm and sweet, and the kisses sweet and true:

"Kiss me, Love, for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?"

Love is young in these days; the path from the pines leads straight up to the open house-door, and the noon light falls straight down, too, making a warm white path for happy feet to walk in.

"Look, Richie, it's noon, and there is Aunt Hetty signaling for us! I must go!"

"Yes, Magsie, it is noon—the most beautiful, the warmest, brightest noon of all the world, and there will be so few—so very few such for us to walk in here."

"But, Richie, Aunt Hetty wants me to help about the cherries, and—"

"Aunt Hetty is a dear, and I will help you with the cherries this afternoon; but just now—to-day—I want you to walk here with me; there will be so few days like this in life—perfect days, my Magsie—and we are so happy!"

Love is an eloquent speaker; love is in Richmond Keith's eyes and his voice alike, now, pleading.

"We?" murmurs Magsie, yielding.

"Yes, we," says Richie, boldly. "I am happy; are you not happy, Magsie? Oh! you must be; you can't help it here by me; you can't help being happy, for you are so sympathetic and tender; you are such a very woman, Magsie! You must be happy, too!"

Why should not Love listen to the voice of her lover? The pines whisper over the young heads bent close together above one book; the pine-needles fall sharp and thick about the feet walking two by two so close together along the path; they are reading the story of "Fair Enid," all in "faded silk," and when they come to a certain passage, describing a robe of splendid silk,

"Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue
Played into green."

Magsie said, boldly:

"I think that is quite perfect. I wonder a man thought of it. Some one must have told him about dresses."

"Yes," said Richie, "some one who loved him—some one he loved. Even a man notices the dress of the woman he loves!" He smiled a little, looking straight at Magsie's loose-tied scarf. "Now, for my own taste, I like a simple muslin better than such splendid silks. All branched and flowered with gold—that's what he said, somewhere—just a simple muslin dress, apple-green, with a wee bit of a leaf dropped all over it."

"Oh, indeed!" blushes Magsie. Then she said, coldly: "No doubt, muslin is good enough for country homes."

"But I like country homes, too. I don't want anything else after this, all my life. Come, you have dropped sweet Enid in the dust; let us pick her up again and brush her splendid dress."

There is a notable lack of variety in Love's dialogue. Lovers repeat the old, worn jargon over and over, and it is one of the sweet wonders of the world that the speech rings always so fresh and true. After all, it is new to those who speak; it is only the lookers-on—the listeners—who find it stale, sometimes.

Afternoon—and Richie with Margaret Poole in the garden. After the noon. There is somewhere among the immortal lovers of the past a maid who sings:

"In the white-flowered hawthorn break,
Love be merry for my sake;
Twine the blossoms in my hair,
Kiss me where I am most fair;
Kiss me, Love, for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?"

Death!—after death! Oh, dreadful thought! no one knoweth what comes after—not even Love's eyes, and Love is said to be immortal—can look beyond the veil. But Death is not here now—not visible in the sunshine, in the garden, with the lovers.

"Why, I thought it perfect in the pine-woods!" said Richie, over a cherry-bough, to his companion; "but it is just as lovely here. Where is the book we were reading, Magsie?" Magsie is busy and does not hear. "Heigh—ho! when gardens and fruit were made and Summer days, like this one, filled to the brim with sunshine, running over, a good work was done," continues Richie, sitting down on the grass. "It is a direct invitation to loaf. Come, Magsie."

"I do not think you are very respectful in your speech," said Magsie; "and you certainly do not work very fast. You would do much better if you were to go to that tree further down the garden; you will never fill your basket at this rate."

"Do not find fault with my Eden; you will bring down a frost. 'Cherry ripe, cherry ripe!' He began to hum the words in a sing-song fashion. "Did you ever read Herrick's pretty song?" He repeated the bit of poetry. "There, is not that a dainty morsel? Take off your hat, dear." Magsie stood still, and was listening. "There!" He brushed the dry leaves from a seat against the wall. "Put down your basket, and just let me slip that silver pin out of your hair. 'Cherry ripe, cherry ripe!'—oh, how beautiful you are! How splendidly beautiful you are to-day, Magsie! You won't mind if I love you so?—you are so lovely!"

He took her hand and kissed it and pressed it to his heart.

"No," whispered Magsie, troubled at the passion in his look and voice.

"Why, it's a revelation to-day to find you are so beautiful! Have you been wearing a mask before me, and are just taking it off? Why, it's a very Midsummer madness!"

"Aunt Hetty will complain of our madness," said Magsie. She turned away in confusion to avoid his look. "See, this hot grass burns my feet; it is like your voice when you speak—like

your eyes when you look at me. Your fire scorches me—I am afraid."

"Afraid? with me?" Richie took up her hat, passing the ribbon over his arm. "Come," he said, softly, "come where there is some shadow, since my fire frightens you. You were so cold, love; you do not like the sun's burning touch. But, oh! my love, who knoweth

"What thing cometh after death?"
Let us be happy while we live to-day."

"Hush! who are those coming?"

Magsie, snatching her hat, turns to hide her face from those that come so swiftly up the long, white road, swiftly round the corner beneath the great, green maple-trees, and ride gayly on towards these two. There seem to Magsie to be a dozen of them; perhaps there are half that number. Then suddenly she becomes aware of a voice speaking. She sees that one of the riders has drawn rein, and is staring at Richie, standing by her side.

"Richie Keith! by Jove! here, of all places!" Keith looks up; his astonished face grows white.

"Hallo, Duncan, you here?"

"Well, I'm beat! I'm smashed! you off up here, of all places in the world!"

"Go to the devil!" mutters Keith.

Duncan stares inquisitively at poor Magsie.

"Well, it's none of my business," he looks after his fast-vanishing companions. "But, I say, Keith, you had better look out; it's all over the beach that Nannie Hollis is furious at your absence, and the wedding-cards out for the nineteenth, too!"

"Shut up, will you?" roars Keith.

"Of course, it's none of my business; but I say you had better look out for Sam Hollis, all the same, unless you put in a good record of your doings up here. Ta! ta!" and the busybody rode away.

What ails the day? What ails the sun that it should go down so swift and dim, leaving no light, no glamor, no rose-red afterglow, no anything? Richmond Keith stands with his face sunk in his hands; even his figure seems now to be gray and haggard and still. Then slowly, at some stir of hers, he turns to Magsie:

"Magsie!"

"Stop! don't touch me!" she shrunk back from his hand. "You must tell me first what that man meant."

"Not touch you? Why not, when not an hour ago you told me you loved me? Have I changed, or have you?" If he could have seen himself! he looks aged and wild and gray; he knows well enough that he is trying to lie his conscience down, to cheat himself and her. "You told me you loved me, Magsie."

"Yes. Ah! my God! I told you that!" she writhes. "That is the worst of it! I told you so, and you—"

"I told you that I loved you, too, Magsie, and as God heard me, I told you the truth. The truth—it was heart to heart, kiss to kiss, holy, high, undying truth!"

"And that other woman?"

Keith is silent; there is a sombre fire in his eyes; his brows draw darkly.

"He said—that man," whispers Magsie—"he said the wedding—the cards—"

She stops, looking imploringly for Keith to finish.

"Don't mind what the blatting fool said, Magsie. What accursed fate sent him here?" Richie digs his heel in the soft earth. "We belong to each other, we two, we only. We love each other. Before God we do! Ah! Magsie, we are plighted man and wife. Take care how you disown it. We two—we only—no other!"

His face, as he pours out this torrent of appeal and declaration, grows ever more thin and hollow and drawn; his lips are dry and pale; his eyes are narrowed; they have a sunken glare; they are the tender eyes that looked sweet love in hers an hour ago. But, oh! they are dear eyes—the sweetest eyes to poor Magsie yet.

"Richie!"—she puts him away from her with her weak maiden hand—"you must tell me the truth—the truth, first of all. Can you think that I will not hear it, now? What did that man mean?"

"What did he mean?—what did the meddler mean?" Richie bursts out, with a bitter laugh. "He meant that I have been a fool for not telling you the truth before! But, oh! Magsie, I could not! I swear to you that the whole world held nothing but this garden-plat and you, for me! Those cursed wedding cards were hers and mine! I have been a traitor to her, perhaps, but to you I—"

"Traitor! oh! a traitor!" Magsie stares at him a moment, and then turns aside with a long, low groan. "Oh! my heart!" she moaned. "How could you?"

"Magsie! Magsie! don't!" he pleaded, as a child might. "Don't! you will break my heart!"

"Why do you stay here? Why do you stay here one minute, now? Go! go at once!" she went on, with feverish haste, looking beyond him at something distant, not visible, clearly; perhaps at a vision of her life after this, when Richie should be gone.

"Yes, I will go," he took up, eagerly. "It is right. I will go at once. I ought to have gone before and made things right with her. I will go at once, and then—"

"And then?" Magsie looked at him.

"Then I shall come back here to you, my Magsie, for ever and for ever to you!"

"Come back to me? come back? Oh! oh! oh!" She turned away, wringing her hands.

"Magsie!" Keith flung himself on the grass on his knees at her feet, wrapping his arms about her. "Magsie, you said to-day you loved me! We kissed each other plighted; it was a solemn

troth, binding soul to soul! What can separate us? Not man or woman, for God looked on and witnessed! He made us one!"

His voice choked in his agony; he hid the tears on his face in the soft folds of her dress. Magsie remembered, long afterwards—dimly she remembered—that a bird who had been singing a low, tender song, stopped suddenly just then, as if in sympathy, and a hollow silence fell all about them.

"And that other woman?" said Magsie, sorrowfully. "What of her and her promise?"

"What of her?" Oh! Magsie! can you think I have been as near to her as I am to you?—heart to heart, lip to lip, like this? No; it was a union managed by our parents, an empty thing of convenience, planned through other interests. I will go and tell them the whole truth; then I will come back here."

"You think I will help you to be a traitor?" Magsie said, with sad gentleness.

"I tell you, I shall come back here," repeated Keith, loudly.

"I shall not be here when you come," was the answer.

"You mean that you will go and hide away from me? You can't do that; if you go to the ends of the earth I will follow you. There is only one way—submit!" His voice rose again. He was holding her arms with a force that shook her.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Once again that cry broke from her. Once again she dropped her face down on the hands he had tethered. "What shall I do?" she whispered to her own soul. "What shall I do?"

Richie's quick ear caught the words. "Submit," he said, fiercely; "submit, that is your part. Accept it!"

Then suddenly he loosened her. "Oh, my love! Oh, my best and dearest, tenderest love, forgive me! Kiss me once before I go, and trust me. Put your hand in mine and say, 'I trust you, Richie!' Trust me to do the very best I can, and love me still. Only love me!"

"Love you! Oh, my love!" She looked at him not long, for Love is yielding and there is danger here with this passionate man holding her; in his petition. "Yes, I will love, and good-by," she whispers again, looking at him through the drowned sweetness of her eyes. "Good-by, good-by!"

"And you will wait—by this kiss—and this—you will wait, my darling!" He holds her in a fancied triumph.

"Wait! Oh, my love, what else will life be for me now, but a long, long waiting, till we meet again—hereafter?"

"Not long, Magsie; do you think I will be long?" he laughed, hoarsely. "I shall be back soon, and then there will be no more parting. One look more! Kiss me on the eyes—blind me with kisses, Magsie, and so hide the darkness of going."

This was their parting—but when did they meet again—and did they meet again—and where? Not there, in the old places, in the old homestead, in the fragrant stillness of the pine-wood. Not there, for to-day, months after, Aunt Hetty mourned her lost darling; and one woman, haggard, wild-eyed, her reason gone, mourned with sobs and senseless raving and appeal her once lost lover!

Still, there was a meeting. Wet and wind and cold; miles and miles and miles of desolate sand by a desolate, gray Northern sea; waste on waste of gray, storm-beaten rock, and flying sand of storm, and in it a woman and a man, meeting.

"I told you I should find you!" the man said, calmly. "I told you I should follow you to the ends of the earth. I am here!"

The woman stares at him. "You had no right to come," she says, whispering, in her terror.

"No right!" the man laughed out, bitterly.

"Have you forgotten anything of our past? You have not! you remember? you have not forgotten the day in the garden when we read the story of love, and sang 'Cherry Ripe.' No right, when you told me you loved me only—me for ever?"

The woman is silent; she has no speech for this.

"I went back and told them all the truth," goes on Richie. "I gave them ample satisfaction. I was no coward then, for I thought of you! See!" and he holds up one maimed arm, the hand gone. "A pistol-shot did that for me. I stood up in fair field with no favor. I am an outcast, homeless, friendless, crippled; but even thus I am happy—with you! No other happiness is possible, Magsie! Come to me!"

Magsie finds her voice at last; in a wild fit of sobbing, she bent her face in her hands. "For me!" she whispered, "for me he did this!" She held him away with a gentle hand. "They told me," she said, "that all compromise was refused, that there were papers binding you in contract, that this girl, Nannie Hollis, had gone raving mad because—because of her love for you—"

"It is true," said Richie, in answer. "It is all true. I have nothing left now—not even honor—nothing but my love for you, Magsie!"

"And mine for you." Great tears of pity are breaking through the sorrow of her eyes. "Oh, Richie, it can be no sin now that we are meeting for the last time, to say I love you—I do love you!"

Richie stared at her blankly. "Do you mean that you will send me away? No; you can't do that, for I will not go; but do you mean that you renounce me—you cast me off?"

"I mean that we must say good-by."

He did not answer; he sat silent with the old stolid look on his face—cold and set and sad.

Magsie touched his shoulder. "Say it nobly, bravely, renouncing—good-by! Say it, Richie!"

"I will not!" he said, fiercely, "I will not say it!" He did not turn his fixed gaze from the water, stretching cold and waste before them, but tears fell slowly down his face—a man's salt, hard, smiting tears.

"You will not?" she cried out, pierced by those awful drops of woe. "Oh, what can I do for you, Richie, what can I do?"

"Come to me!" was his fierce, darting answer of command. "Come to me—we belong to each other—we will be happy together!"

Magsie felt her strength going. Would he conquer at last; was he overcoming even now her force of will? She felt the strain of this long resistance; she trembled, feeling herself faint and worn.

A voice she had heard a few days ago in the old Abbey choir, came back to her, admonishing: "Lift thine eyes, oh, lift thine eyes, to the mountains whence cometh light."

She took some steps along the old, sea-beaten, shabby wooden landing; a little fleet of boats were coming in, scudding before the wind—fishermen with their nets and harvest. A group of women gathered with their babies, watching the boats; they spoke to Magsie, gently, with something of tender reverence, Richie thought, in their manner; and, then, a sudden fierce cloud of cold rain and wind swept down upon them; out of the rugged bank of clouds, low in the sky, a great shock of thunder burst, splitting, tearing! A fiery thread of lightning flame crinkled over the sea.

Richie, beaten back by the tempest, lost sight of the little crowd of women for a moment or two; when he could look again, the group had scattered and moved on. He called aloud for Magsie; she was not there!

He rushed forward to the slight wooden rail, that gave way as he caught it, and looked over. Oh, sea! have you taken her? Is she down there in your yawning jaws? Oh, give her up—give her up! There is no answer; the sea has many voices, but no voice to answer this. He shouts her name, he prays for help; there was human help enough about him, on the sea and on the shore; but Magsie was not found that day.

Did he find her? Was she truly dead and lost to him so, or, was she living, and did he so at last find her? Once a woman in a farmhouse, in those old familiar halls, told a story about a traveling-carriage that stopped at her gate, and a little cherub of a child asked for water to drink. When the woman, giving drink to the whole party, asked this beautiful child her name, she said, in baby accents, that papa loved her and called her his little "Cherry Ripe!"

But Aunt Hetty died alone; no message ever came to her; that was the worst misery where all was miserable, unsatisfactory, and vague. Some one said that the strange gentleman with his wife and the cherub-child, whom he called "Cherry Ripe," was a celebrated missionary who had lost a hand in China, in an insurrection, fighting the cause of Christ.

So the story goes!

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND IN NORFOLK HARBOR.

RECALLING the historic encounter of the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge* at Cherbourg during our own war, the public has watched with interest the movements of two foreign vessels which have been keeping an eye upon each other in American waters. These two vessels are the Russian corvette *Strelak*, and the British cruiser *Garnet*. A week ago both lay at anchor in Norfolk Harbor, where they were reported to be regarding each other with eagerness and suspicion, in view of a possible declaration of war between their respective Governments. The *Strelak* has since come to New York and dropped anchor in the North River. The *Garnet* has also left Norfolk, and will probably be here before this paper shall reach the public. The *Garnet*, built at Chatham in 1872, is 260 feet long, 44 breadth of beam, and draws 19 feet of water. She is built of iron and wood above the water's edge, and her hull below the water is of wood. She is full rigged, and carries on her main deck twelve 64-pound muzzle-loaders, five broadside guns on each side, and a stern and bow "chaser," which may also be used as broadsides. In addition to these guns, she has four Nordenflett guns, four barrels each, and two Gardner's. These guns carry rifle cartridges, and are worked with cranks, something like the Gatling gun. They can make some 2,000 discharges in five minutes, and are used principally against torpedo-boats. The ship is also provided with 200 breach-loading rifles and 200 cutlasses. The vessel is built in five watertight compartments, with iron doors between, and in case of accident, she can keep afloat until all the chambers are penetrated. The *Garnet* is propelled by an engine of 200 horse-power, and can make thirteen knots an hour. She is commanded by Captain Hand. Her tonnage is 2,120, and she has 231 men.

The *Strelak*, the Russian corvette, was built at St. Petersburg in 1880. She is 214 feet long, 32 feet breadth of beam and 14½ feet depth of hold, tonnage, 1,355. She is constructed somewhat after the same pattern as the *Garnet*. She has 160 men, and carries twelve breech-loaders of fine make. She has also a torpedo arrangement by which she can knock the spots out of an antagonist at least 800 yards away. Her equipment, if anything, is better than that of the *Garnet*. The officers speak French and German in addition to their own language; but, with the exception of the captain and one or two of the other officers, none of them speak English. Captain Skrydloff is a gallant young officer, and distinguished himself in the Russo-Turkish war by blowing up two Turkish men-of-war in the Danube.

One of our engravings, which are from sketches made by a staff artist while the two vessels lay in Norfolk harbor, shows the Russians taking an observation of the *Garnet* by the bright flashes of the electric light. Another depicts the scene on the deck of the *Strelak* during the Sunday morning inspection.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME AT HAMPTON.

THE well-known institution at the Hampton Roads, near Fortress Monroe, is the Southern Branch of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers. The Central Branch is at Dayton, O.; in addition to which there is a Northwestern Branch at Milwaukee, Wis., and an Eastern

Branch at Togus, Me. The "Home" at Hampton, situated in close proximity to Norfolk and the sunny, salubrious Old Point Comfort, is probably more visited than any of the others. Its Governor is Captain P. T. Woodfin. The permanent number of inmates is between 700 and 800, and it annually ministers to the wants and sufferers of about 1,200 old defenders of the Union. The veterans are well cared for in this quaint, sunny and sleepy place. Both occupation and amusement are provided. The unrivaled facilities for salt-water bathing, boating and fishing tend to preserve the health and occupy the minds of inmates; and the amusements include billiards, bowling, dramatic representations, concerts and lectures. One hundred and thirty flower-beds are kept and stocked with 65,000 choice plants and flowers, all propagated at the "Home." Weekly religious services are held by Protestant clergymen, Baptist, Methodist and Episcopal alternately. Catholic services are held every Sabbath morning and on holy days. All services are well attended. The sick in hospital are regularly visited by the chaplains of their faith. An outdoor camp is a feature of life at the "Home" during the Summer months. There is a daily surgeon's call, when inmates are treated for ailments in a minor stage usually not requiring regular hospital treatment.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

EARL CAIRNS.

The Right Hon. Hugh McCalmont, Earl Cairns, was born in 1819. His family was of Scottish extraction. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, of which institution he subsequently became Chancellor, a position which he continued to hold until his death. In 1844 he was called to the English Bar of the Middle Temple, and he rapidly acquired an extensive practice in the Courts of Equity. In 1852 he was returned as Member of Parliament for Belfast, and continued to represent that important borough until he was raised to the judicial bench. When the late Lord Derby formed an Administration in 1858, he appointed Mr. Cairns Solicitor-general, a post which was accompanied with the bestowal of knighthood. He first showed his distinguished powers as a debater in the discussion which ensued in May, 1858, when Lord Ellenborough censured Lord Canning's proclamation to the inhabitants of India. In 1866, when Lord Derby was again called upon to form a Ministry, Sir Hugh Cairns was appointed Attorney-general, and shortly afterwards he was made Lord Justice of Appeal, and created a peer under the title of Baron Cairns of Garmoyne, County Antrim. He worked very hard at the 1867 Reform Bill, and in the House of Lords, during the progress of that measure. In 1868 he became Lord Chancellor, in the room of Lord Chelmsford. In the Conservative Ministry of 1874-80, Lord Cairns again became Lord Chancellor, and took a prominent part in the business of the Government. His most notable speech in Parliament of late years was on the occasion of the surrender to the Transvaal, when he severely castigated Mr. Gladstone's Government for their feebleness and cowardice. Besides being widely known as an eminent lawyer, statesman and judge, Lord Cairns was also a busy worker in the field of charity and philanthropy. It may also be added that he was a devoted lover of nature, and an ardent sportsman of the good old-fashioned type. He died at his residence, Lindisfarne, Bournemouth, on Thursday, April 2d. In 1856 Lord Cairns married Mary Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr. John McNeill, of Parkmount, County Antrim, and had issue five sons and two daughters. The first-born son having died in infancy, he is succeeded in the peerage by his second son, Arthur William, Viscount Garmoyne, who was born 21st December, 1861.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF KING LEOPOLD II. OF BELGIUM.

In 1880 Brussels celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Belgium's independence. On the 9th ultimo, the fiftieth birthday of King Leopold II., newly created King of the Congo, was similarly celebrated by the loyal Belgians. Many and varied were the public demonstrations in the capital. The culmination of the *feles* was a grand review of the army and the civic guard by the King, accompanied by his guests, Prince Rudolphe of Austria, and Prince Philip of Saxony, together with a staff of distinguished officers. The brilliant spectacle drew all Brussels out-of-doors to witness it, despite the leaden skies and the cold, drizzling rain. The engraving represents the King leaving the royal palace. It fails, however, to show one personage who attracted the enthusiastic attention of the crowd as the procession passed through the streets—the young Prince Baldwin, heir-presumptive to the throne of Belgium.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

The recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland was marked by a number of disagreeable occurrences, and some pleasant features. Chief among the latter was the reception in Dublin. When, on the 8th ultimo, the royal party passed into the streets of the Irish metropolis, their reception was quite enthusiastic, and cheer after cheer resounded from the windows and balconies, which were packed with people. The streets were profusely decorated with flags, banners, emblems and triumphal arches, and, as the royal carriages, preceded and followed by the Sixteenth Lancers and the Eighteenth Hussars, advanced under the waving canopies and draperies of vivid hues between a dark, dense multitude, lightly fringed with the lines of infantry, the spectacle was remarkably effective. After the royal party had reached the Castle, some 300 students of Trinity College marched through Dame Street, cheering and carrying two flags, neither of which, however, was the purloined city flag.

PUL-I-KHISTI, IN AFGHANISTAN.

Pul-i-Khisti, "the Bridge of Brick," near Ak-Tapa, at the junction of the Kushk and Murghab Rivers, will become historic as the place where the "first blood" was shed in the dispute between England and Russia. It was here, on the 30th ultimo, that General Komaroff's attack upon the Afghans was made, and the battle of the Kushk River fought. Referring to this region, the English journal from which our picture is taken says: "The topography of the country north of Herat, between the Heri-Rud and Murghab Rivers, the nationality of its present occupants, and the local evidences of its former condition, especially in the remains of numerous thriving towns which must have been connected with the once great commercial city to the south of the neighboring hills—these appear to be most important elements of the controversy now going on. Mr. Lessar, the

Russian official geographer and semi-official diplomatist, who has been endeavoring to convince us in London that Penjdeh and Maruchak, Ak-Tapa and Pul-i-Khisti, never belonged to Herat, and must not be supposed to belong to Afghanistan, is sufficiently confuted by Mr. Simpson's sketches. For there is no doubt whatever that only Herat, the magnificent and wealthy capital of ancient Khorassan and the prosperous mart of traffic from all parts of Central Asia, in the splendid times of the Turkish kingdoms there, could have been the metropolis of such a thriving district as it was on the banks of the Murghab and the Kushk, when for many miles, along the great road to regal Bokhara, towns were built and inhabited, bridges and aqueducts were erected, forts and garrisons commanded the approach to Herat. The assertion that such a country as Badghis must formerly have been cultivated with admirable industry by its works of irrigation, certainly then populous, and filled with the monuments still remaining of a fair degree of Oriental civilization—belongs to the Desert and the Turcomans, the most recently conquered subjects of Russia, is an affront to common sense."

RABBIT EXTERMINATION IN VICTORIA.

For some years past the question of rabbit extermination in Victoria has received a considerable amount of attention, but owing to the strong hold these little pests have obtained in the colony, and the want of co-operation in the attempts to reduce their number, very little has been done to mitigate the evil. In many instances farmers in the rabbit districts have lost crop after crop for years in succession, and have finally been driven off their land by the persistency of this formidable foe. In spite of the strenuous attempts of individuals and the slaughter by the trappers, who kill their thousands per week, and the parties sent out by the Government, the rabbit still continued to gain ground, till last year the Government took the matter in hand, and passed an Act providing that every landholder throughout the colony having rabbits on his land should proceed on a certain day to destroy the rabbits therein, otherwise the work would be carried on by the Government, at his expense. This Act has only been in operation a short time, and its effect has yet to be seen; but, if carried out in its entirety, there is no doubt it will in a great measure mitigate the evil. There are several general methods for exterminating rabbits, the one in most favor with the Government being the carbon process, which forms the subject of our illustration. Its great recommendation is its simplicity. Two men equipped with a shovel, some cotton waste and a tin of bisulphate of carbon, a highly noxious liquid, are required to work it. The work is commenced by filling up the burrows which surround a centre one. When satisfied that all other outlets are effectually closed, either with sand or the soil that is around, one of the men cuts a twig and wraps round the end a piece of the cotton waste. The carbon is then poured on it, and the twig inserted into the burrow, and the other man who is waiting, spade in hand, immediately fills up the hole, and the rabbits are suffocated.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THERE are sixty-six female students at the Howard University in Washington.

TUFTS COLLEGE has received about \$40,000 by the will of Miss Harriet H. Fago, of Marlborough, Mass. It will probably be used to establish a professorship of English literature, a vacancy which the College has long felt.

AS CARRIER-PIGEONS in China are frequently molested by birds of prey, an ingenious plan for protection is employed. Ten small bamboo tubes are attached to the bird's tail by means of threads passing under the wings. The hasty flight of the bird produces a whistling sound, and this keeps birds of prey at a safe distance.

THE parish church at Stratford-upon-Avon has come in for its share of the glory which Shakespeare shed upon this place, and has again and again received marked attention from the admirers of the bard. Extensive repairs have long been contemplated. It now appears that the work of restoration has fairly commenced. The estimated cost of the work to be done is \$60,000.

IN Paris a telephonic ticket at half a franc is issued at any of the post-offices, which entitles the holder to a five minutes' conversation with persons at any other of the city post-offices, or at any of the Telephonic Company's stations. The Telephonic Company offers, at the same rate, conversations at any of its eleven stations with persons at any other station, or at the residence of any of its members.

THERE are in Berlin 26 breweries of Bavarian beer, 31 of white beer, and 14 establishments which make bitter, brown or Gratz beer. In 1884 the sum of 1,817,700 marks of taxes was paid on 45,443,900 kilograms of malt, while the total quantity of beer produced amounted to 1,817,300 hectolitres. In this production the Bohemian brewery participates with 188,200 hectolitres, Freidrichshofe with 139,500, Tivoli with 133,300, Union with 77,500, Konigstadt with 76,000, Moabit with 71,000, the Bock brewery with 70,300 hectolitres, etc., all the foregoing ones making Bavarian beer.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 25th.—In Cleveland, Ohio, Bushwell White, United States Commissioner for the District of Ohio, aged 72 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., the Rev. John Clark, for forty years a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church; in New York, Isaac W. England, publisher of the *Sun*, aged 53 years; in Binghamton, N. Y., Professor Charles A. Whitney, actor and elocutionist, aged 70 years. April 26th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Captain Hezekiah Couch, an old and well-known sea-captain, aged 88 years. April 27th.—In New York, Arthur Bent, cornet-player, of Gilmore's Band, aged 34 years; in Oneida, N. Y., Professor Horace M. Kennedy, of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, aged 32 years. April 28th.—In New York, Mother Mary Jerome Ely, Superioress of the Convent of Mount St. Vincent, aged 74 years; in Indianapolis, Ind., ex-Governor Conrad Baker, aged 66 years; in Amityville, L. I., Frank W. Potter, Consul to Mar-seilles under General Grant, aged 38 years. April 29th.—In Philadelphia, Pa., James Rees, a well-known dramatist and stage-manager, aged 80 years; in Providence, R. I., Professor George I. Chase, Ph.D., L.D., aged 77 years. April 30th.—In Utica, N. Y., John Stryker, a leading citizen of Rome, aged 77 years. May 1st.—In New York, Commodore C. K. Garrison, aged 76 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

R. H. HORNE called Browning's "Sordello" "a sort of literary chokepear."

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN is hard at work restoring the valuable manuscripts partially destroyed last year by a fire in his library.

THE American Consul at the Bermuda Islands is Charles M. Allen, of New York. His salary is \$1,500. There is also a Vice and Deputy Consul resident on the island.

THE unfinished statue of Salmon P. Chase, made by the late Clark Mills, has returned to base uses. It was sold at auction in Washington, the other day, for what it was worth as old metal.

GLADYS LADY LONSDALE, one of the famous English beauties, is to be married to the Earl de Grey, eldest son of the Marquis of Ripon. She marries him, it is said, solely for his fortune.

CLARENCE H. FREEMAN, of Providence, R. I., won the checker championship of America and \$400 from Mr. Barker, of Boston, last week, the final score standing: Freeman, 6; Barker, 3; drawn, 39.

M. DE LESSEPS was received into the French Academy on the 24th ultimo. His reception-speech is the shortest on the Academy's records. M. Renan, who replied, complimented M. de Lesseps upon his adoption of the manly and piquant style of oratory originated by the Americans.

THE story to the effect that Oliver Wendell Holmes carries a horse-chestnut in his pocket as a preventive of rheumatic pains, is itself a "chestnut." The fact is, that no man on top of the Boston soil is freer from superstitions and delusions of all sorts than is the alert and active-brained "Autocrat."

THE improvement in General Grant's condition continues, and he now believes that his recovery is only a question of time. He has lost no time in resuming work upon his book, and will continue laboring steadily at the second and last volume, which he hopes to have in the publisher's hand within two months. The proof-sheets of the first volume will soon be ready.

MR. RUSKIN has once more resigned his professorship of fine art at Oxford. It is now nearly sixteen years since he was elected to the Slade professorship. After his severe attack of illness in 1876, Mr. W. B. Richmond held the post for a time, and delivered some of the lectures from 1879 till 1882, at which last date Mr. Ruskin resumed the office which he now resigns.

FRANCOIS JOSEPH REGNIER, the celebrated French actor, is dead. He was born in Paris on April 1st, 1807. In 1854 M. Regnier was appointed Professor at the Conservatory, and some of the brightest lights of the modern French drama were among his pupils. The deceased artist enjoyed equal celebrity as a representative of comic and pathetic personages. He also had some reputation as a playwright.

THE genial "Autocrat" does not quite monopolize the wit of his family. When Mr. John Holmes—a brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes—was living in the Appian Way, in Cambridge, a friend called upon him, and during their talk said, "John, you ought not to be living in this poor way. You ought to have better quarters; you should have a wife." "Yes, I suppose so; for if I took a better half, I should be sure of better quarters, probably," was the quick reply.

DURIST's connection with the Messrs. Moxon, Lord Tennyson received on an average £1,500 per year in royalties. Subsequently Messrs. Strahan & Co., under the terms of his agreement with them, paid him over £31,000 altogether. His next publishers, Messrs. King & Co., paid him £4,000 annually, with a separate account for every new work. For his recent poem on England's navy, however, the Laureate has received more hard knocks than pounds sterling.

MADAME PATTI is infatuated with billiards. She visited Irving Hall several times during the recent tournament, and she was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the playing. Patti plays a strong game. It would take a player far above the average amateur to defeat her. Lately she has shown much interest in "draw shots," and Joseph Dion has done much to explain the mystery of them to her. He has also endeavored to teach her how to make difficult masses, but her wits are not strong enough to master massé shots.

THE colored cadet, Flipper, of West Point notoriety, now signs himself "Henry O. Flipper, Colonel, Mexican Volunteers." It appears that after his court-martial and dismissal for irregularities he went to Mexico, where color is not an obstacle to advancement, and now has a high position in the Mexican Army, with a handsome salary. He must be twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age. He wrote an autobiography in 1878, which is a valuable addition, though a somewhat crude one, to the history of the colored race.

AT the complimentary dinner given to the Hon. George H. Pendleton, Minister to Germany, at Delmonico's, on the evening of April 28th, over two hundred distinguished persons assembled, without regard to political party. George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, Stephen B. Elkins, Wayne MacVeagh, Collector Robertson, Warner Miller, Seth Low, Cyrus W. Field, William M. Evarts, Perry Belmont and Roswell P. Flower were among those present, and letters of regret from Secretary Bayard, Postmaster-general Vilas and Horatio Seymour were read.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE was in San Francisco last week. In an interview, being asked what effect the impending war would probably have upon England, he responded: "That would depend on the battles fought. If it were a repetition of the Soudan farce, and if, besides throwing dust in our eyes, Russia should beat us in the field, the consequences to England would be simply appalling. In that event, the loss of British prestige would give impetus to another Sepoy insurrection. The colonies might be affected, and trade would suffer to such an extent as to be felt at every fire-side in England."

THE late Commodore Garrison left three daughters and one son, W. R. Garrison, a child, who is now the only male heir of the Commodore. The Commodore's only daughter is Mrs. Vanaken, of New York. Before his son's death the Commodore was fond of saying that there had not been a death in his family for seventy-two years. His five brothers, the eldest eighty-five years old, still live. One is Abram Garrison, a millionaire iron-founder of Pittsburg. Two of his brothers, Daniel R. Garrison and Oliver Garrison, are retired millionaire merchants of Pittsburg. Another brother, Isaac L. Garrison, is a Vermont millionaire.



MAIN BUILDING



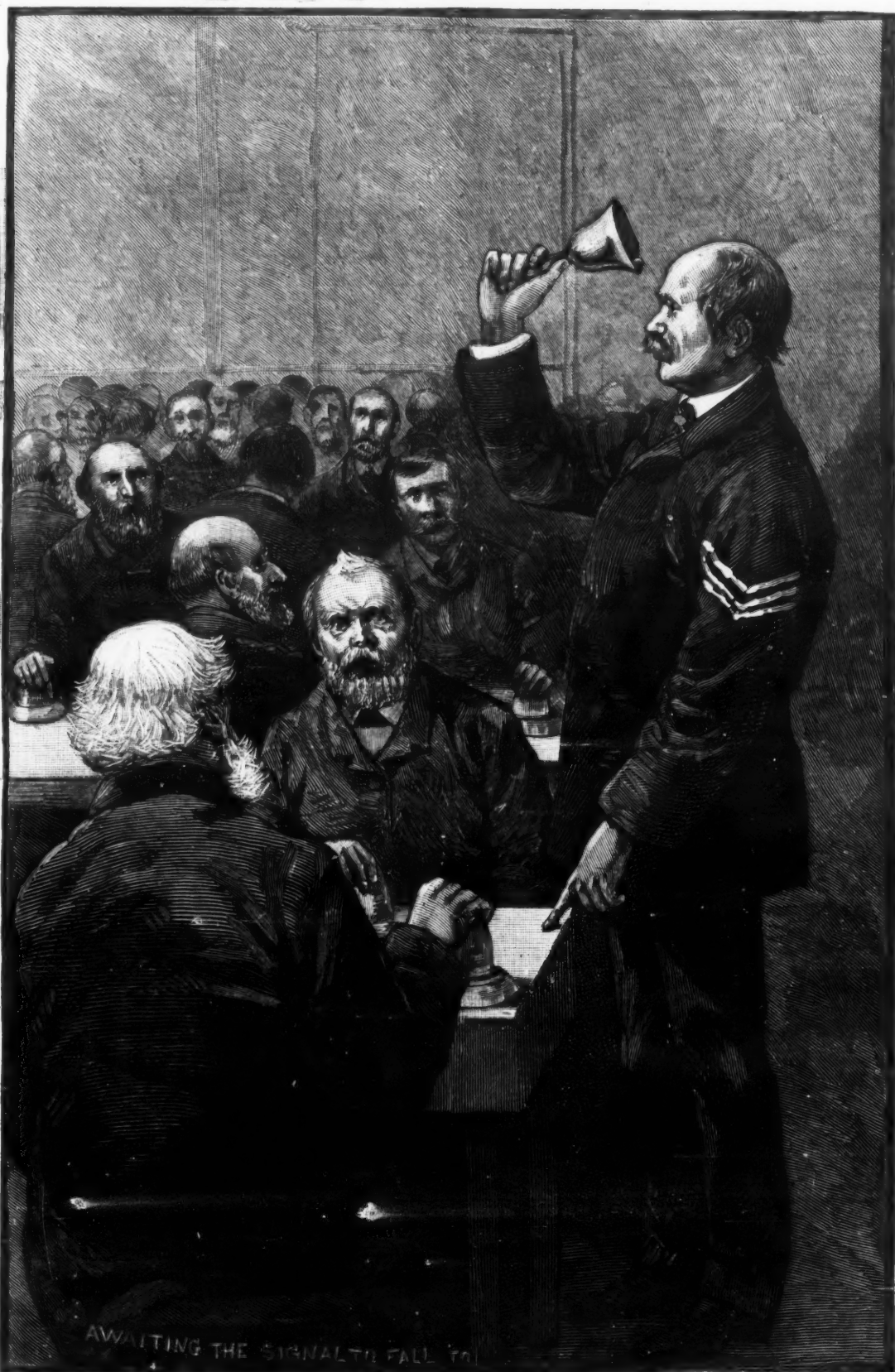
CAPTAIN P. T. WOODFIN, GOVERNOR OF THE "HOME."



LATEST NEWS ABOUT GRANT

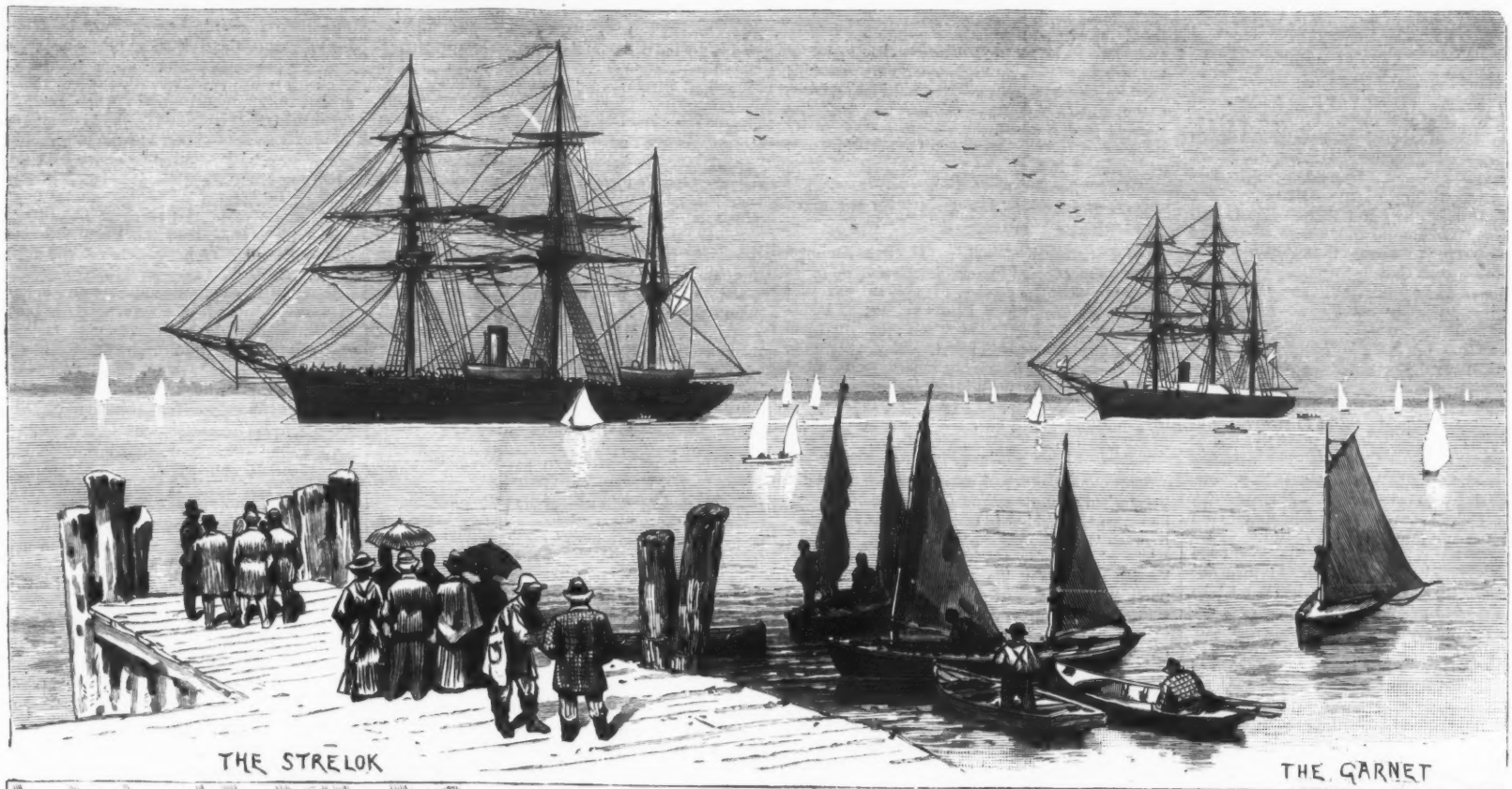


WARD MEMORIAL HALL



AWAITING THE SIGNAL TO FALL TO

VIRGINIA.—HOW THE NATION TAKES CARE OF HER DISABLED DEFENDERS—SCENES AT THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, HAMPTON.—SEE PAGE 191.



1. VIEW OF THE HARBOR, WITH THE "STRELOK" AND "GARNET" LYING AT ANCHOR. 2. SUNDAY MORNING INSPECTION ON BOARD THE "STRELOK."
 VIRGINIA.—RUSSIA AND ENGLAND IN NORFOLK HARBOR—SEE PAGE 191.

THE SILENT WITNESS.

CHAPTER XXIII.—FOILED BY A CARPET-TACK.

BROODING in sullen dissatisfaction over all the mistakes and mishaps of that unfortunate day, Mr. Gorham came to a sudden resolve: When Catherine Kendall had returned from Spottstown, now gone some two months or more, and had said decisively that she had seen Gregory Kendall's grave, his first impulse had been to tell her the whole truth then and there. But he seldom acted upon impulse, and, moreover, he had not forgotten a promise made to Gregory.

"It is my wish," that unfortunate man had said, during their very last interview, "that you tell my wife absolutely nothing about me, my plans, my suspicions, my destination. I wish her not to know that you have heard anything more from me than my desire for you to attend to my business affairs. Wait three years, and if in that time nothing has been heard from me, you can tell her all you know. I have given her every opportunity to clear herself from the suspicion of guilt. I sent her a letter by the hand of her nearest relative, who promised to deliver it in person. Her silence has confirmed my worst suspicions. In three years' time my child will be able to do without a mother's care. If I am alive I shall return for her. But, Hugh!"—and the poor exile had sobbed out the rest—"if it should turn out that, after all, there's been some black mistake somewhere, and Kate's not the thing my eyes declared her, you won't leave me in ignorance any longer than can be helped, will you, old fellow?"

And he had promised that he would not. Up to within the past forty-eight hours Hugh Gorham had not suffered one pang of self-reproach. From the date of his earliest acquaintance with Catherine Kendall he had believed her husband to be laboring under some hideous delusion. He had promptly recalled the exile by letter. Was it his fault that those letters never reached the wanderer, who had chosen to alter all their mutual plans for his residence abroad? Then he had quietly decided to take the best of care of Catherine through the allotted three years—it was not a lifetime—and if at the end of that time Gregory Kendall did not return to claim his child or his wife, he would institute such search for him as should insure a termination of all doubts and all suspense touching every point. Through two of those years he had passed scathless, only to be thrown fatally off his guard by over-eagerness to comfort the woman he loved for the petty insults of two worldlings.

"They annoyed her; I insulted her," he said, bitterly; "and, by Heaven! I will not look upon her face again until she is once more safe in the keeping of that pothern husband of hers, or I have such indisputable evidence of his death that I can approach her like a gentleman!"

Late in the night the lawyer sat up writing letters and putting his affairs in order for a prolonged absence. The morrow he determined should find him gone on a pilgrimage in search of Gregory Kendall. Among the letters he posted at dawn was this one to Catherine Kendall:

"DEAR MADAM—There are crises in every man's life when to flee from evil becomes easier than to resist it. I have reached such a crisis. I had promised myself the doubtful pleasure of telling you what you will find here written; but when this reaches you I shall be far enough away from any reproaches it may elicit from your severely just judgment. When Spencer Whitehurst was so mysteriously murdered, your husband, as you have lately discovered, madly supposed you to have committed the foul deed. In his anguish he came to me and made every effort to bring suspicion on himself, by way of shielding you from the possibility of detection. Believing that his insane conduct would eventuate in his punishment, as surely as if he were actually guilty, I got him out of town and experienced no difficulty in having him pronounced insane, which, for the time being, he undoubtedly was. I had resolved to have him safely stowed away in an insane asylum until the matter should blow over, preferring, then, that if you really were the guilty party, you should suffer the penalty of your own misdeeds instead of the old friend to whom I still felt warmly attached. On my way to the asylum I fell in with a young man who was bent on a similar errand, being about to commit to the same asylum a young Englishman, who, coming to this country to make money and failing, had hopelessly lost his mind. Careful inquiry revealed the fact that the Englishman had neither a friend nor relative in this country, so I suddenly altered my plans for Gregory, resolving to ship him out of the country, but still leave the impression abroad that he was incarcerated, as suspicion was actually then turning upon him. On the eve of his departure I foolishly allowed him to extract from me a promise to give you no information about him for the term of three years. When, upon your recent return from Spottstown, you told me that you had been to Gregory's grave, I resolved to tell you the whole truth then. For two insufficient (I now pronounce them) reasons I allowed the opportunity to pass. One was my promise to Gregory. The other was, that I saw you had already recovered from whatever shock his death could cause you. A look of greater serenity than I had ever seen there had come into your face. To tell you the truth, then, without being able to supplement it by some definite news of Gregory's present whereabouts, was to throw you into a more troubled state of doubt and suspense than you had ever endured before. I could not do that! I had thought to have taken good and patient care of you and his child until Gregory should return to demand an account of my stewardship. You best know how I have kept my good resolves. I am gone in search of your husband. I do not believe that he is dead. I have left your business affairs in such trim at the bank that you will suffer no inconvenience from my absence. How long it will last, God only knows! but the reflection that my pilgrimage is undertaken in your service, and that it may eventuate in increase of good and happiness to you, will sustain me through whatever of hardship the journey may hold in store for me. I wish I might hear you say 'I forgive you,' before I go to make atonement for yesterday's offending."

"H. G."

The postman paused in wonder to deliver his

first letter at Shropshire's Stand. He reached it early in his rounds. No one responding promptly to his unwonted summons, he opened the gate, and, stepping to the first door within, slipped the lawyer's letter under the doorsill. A treacherous gape in the carpet received and hid it; and under foot for many a desolate day to come Catherine Kendall trod Hugh Gorham's explanation of the silence and the absence that made her days, days of heaviness indeed.

CHAPTER XXIV.—"WAY DOWN UPON THE OLD PLANTATION."

CATHERINE KENDALL sat near an open window, buried in a profound reverie, retrospective and introspective. It was not her wont to sit with idly folded hands railing at Providence, or indulging in sweet self-pity. She had rather, any day, work her troubles away than weep them away; but there comes to us all at times the necessity for making decisions of such tremendous weight and everlasting importance, that nothing short of total physical abeyance leaves the brain free enough for its extraordinary labor.

Such a necessity had come to Kate. She had been asked a question, and forty-eight hours only had been allotted her in which to make her choice between two little words, "Yes"—or—"No."

The window near which she sat was a handsome French affair, of noble dimensions, opening out upon a broad veranda. But a step from that veranda in one direction and she could wander at will in a roomy old-fashioned garden, where nature and art ran riot in the matter of color and perfume, as they only can under the passionate kisses of hot Southern suns, or, in another, to find herself facing a venerable avenue of live-oaks that flanked a long, sloping carriage drive, terminating in a lofty arched gateway. Far away, on every hand, miles of whitewashed plank fencing, indicating the boundary lines of an immense estate, stretched before her, until the thin white line was barely visible against the dense foliage of the encroaching forest. Conspicuously above all surrounding objects rose the monumental smokestack of a cotton-gin, from whose mouth curled skyward pale smoke-wreaths. Through the meadows, all gold and purple with the wild chamomile and brilliant iron-weed, huge mounds, like drifting snowbanks, rolled slowly towards the gin, to feed the insatiable saws with the food they most craved. The yellow fodder stacks were taking on pyramidal dimensions. Overhead the crows wheeled and cawed with never-tiring persistency about the crowns of the lofty pecan-trees, resentful of the presence of the swarm of little darkeys scarce less black than themselves, who disputed with their crowships for the nutty harvest, while over it all brooded that magic haze with which October tenderly veils the dead Summer's face from Autumn's chill approach, as mortals veil their dear dead's face from the cold gaze of an unloving stranger.

All these objects had come to look familiar and homelike to Catherine Kendall. Early in the previous Summer—in fact, a very short while after Mr. Gorham's unexplained departure—a great change had taken place in Shropshire's Stand.

Sitting at work as usual in the alcove, Mrs. Kendall had been startled completely out of her carefully cultured composure by Betty's sudden appearance within the alcove, with the words:

"He's come again, Miss Kate!"

"He," could possibly mean no one but Hugh Gorham—so, with an affection of indifference she was very far from feeling, she dipped her brush into the coloring matter as she said:

"Well, did he send you here to announce the fact?"

"He did that very thing, Miss Kate; and, moreover, he asked me to ask you if as how you would honor him by steppin' to the front for a minit."

"Stepping to the front!" Mrs. Kendall repeated, surprised and resentful. "Tell the gentleman this is my place of business now," and she resumed the chair she had risen from as Betty announced his coming.

"Indeed; and, Miss Kate, I ain't so sure as I would see him at all, am I? Though he do look respectable enough like, and much more so the lady as is with him."

"Lady!" says Kate, with the tightening of the corners about her full red lips; "show them in here, Betty."

But that was not Hugh Gorham's firm, ringing footfall that advanced towards her, nor did that slow rhythmic sweep of a silken train betoken the sparrow-like activity of Mrs. Melmont's tread.

Rising, in quick surprise, Kate turned to meet the gentle, almost apologetic, glance of an elderly gentleman, whose silvery hair shaded a pair of mildly benevolent blue eyes.

"Shropshire's Providence come again!" Catherine almost articulated her surprise; but who was the tall, elegant woman of majestic mien and Madonna-like countenance by his side?

It was this lady who advanced with the easy grace of a woman of the world, saying:

"Mrs. Kendall, I believe?" and she extended a perfectly gloved hand in greeting. "My name is Haversham, Mrs. Kendall, and this is my brother, Colonel Ethan Haversham."

After they were all seated, Miss Haversham had continued, going straight to the point: "I have accompanied my brother here to make a request, which will probably strike you with surprise at first, but we hope you will take it into careful and favorable consideration. I have been at the head of my brother's household for some years past—my duties being a combination of housekeeper's duties and teacher's to his two motherless children. My health is gradually failing—I need female companionship and assistance—during the past two Summers my brother has been an interested observer of your bravely, self-reliant course;

we have heard a great deal about you from your family physician, Dr. McIvor, who was under engagement to call here with us this morning, but was summoned out of town just as we started. We wish to know if you will accept the position offered, at any salary you may choose to indicate? We do not ask you to decide at once. We will be absent from the city a month; on our return we will call for your answer."

After a little more converse, in which Colonel Ethan Haversham had taken a quiet, courteous share, they had gone away, giving her a month in which to make up her mind.

But it did not require a month for her to decide that, with no friends about her in a great bustling, busy city—with sordid labor for her share—and her child growing up the veriest prisoner within the shabby walls of Shropshire's Stand, it would be the height of folly to refuse the offer made her.

So, when they came back at the end of the month for her answer, they had found her ready to accompany them. For nearly a year now she had been an honored inmate of the luxurious home of the Havershams. And conscientiously she had striven to render herself useful to her strangely made friends. Not a cloud had flitted across the serene skies of her new life until that October morning of which we write, when she had been startled from her composure by the entrance of the white-haired master of the house into her school-room, after she had dismissed the children for the day.

Courteously she had risen, and stood with her hand upon the back of her chair, to know his pleasure.

"Why do you do me such honor, madam?" he had asked, with gentle impatience. "It is rather I who should stand in your presence, despite the white hairs which provoke such undesirable reverence. But as I have come here for more than a moment's chat, it will be best for both of us to be seated," and, taking her hand, he had led her with stately courtesy to a sofa, upon which he seated himself beside her.

"Mrs. Kendall, I believe I have more than once heard you say that you were entirely alone in the world, have I not?"

"Yes, sir, I am entirely alone in the world," she echoed his words, simply and sadly.

"Have you ever found cause to regret your coming South with us?"

"None. You and Miss Haversham have been good and true friends to me and my child."

"Would it cost you a pang to give us up?"

Catherine started. Cost her a pang to give them up? What else had she in view? Where else could she look for shelter now that she had relinquished all her other plans of life. She sat in troubled silence. Her interlocutor watched her face with eager interest. He saw the trouble clouding her beautiful eyes, and taking her hand gently in his, he said, soothingly:

"Dear lady, pardon me, if in my anxiety to extract some token of interest from you, I have caused you one moment's uneasiness. I love you, Catherine, and I have come to you this morning to make you an honorable offer of my hand and heart. I have loved you silently for two years. I informed my sister Eunice of my condition and my resolution to offer you my hand. She only pleaded with me for an opportunity of learning something of the woman I proposed to bring her into lifelong companionship with before I took the irrevocable step; hence, temporarily, you have been placed in a situation very different from the one my pride and affection have destined you for. You have won the hearts of the whole household. The condition of my beloved sister's health causes me great anxiety. A sea voyage is recommended for her. Will you accompany us on that voyage as my wife, Catherine? I cannot woo you in polished sentences or poetical diction; but if I am so fortunate as to win you, I will give you that which is of more sterling value than either, my dear—an earnest man's lifelong devotion to your service."

It had all been said so quietly and simply that Kate was conscious of nothing but a half-dreamy surprise. She was so thankful to him when he rose from her side, saying: "I do not want you to answer me just yet. I see I have surprised you beyond measure. I hope not disagreeably so. Take time to think, my dear, and whatever decision you come to, bear in mind that your happiness is dearer to me than my own and I will be your friend, come what may, unto life's bitter end." And then he had gone away and left her.

This, then, was what had set Catherine Kendall thinking, pondering, reflecting on that quiet Fall morning. On the one hand she saw wealth, refinement, ease, devotion, security from all the physical ills of life, shelter in a good man's arms, surcease from labor, rest from petty contriving of ways and means. Rosa sheltered in case she should be taken from her. Why should she say No?

On the other hand, she saw the holocaust of a heart, a soul, a conscience. It was not only the absence of love for the gentle-hearted man who pleaded for the privilege of making her happy; it was the active, living presence of a consuming passion for one who had crossed her pathway, apparently only to scorch and wither what few meagre blossoms of life and happiness still struggled there. Hugh Gorham had, in all probability, gone out of her life for ever; she never looked forward definitely to ever hearing his dear voice again or looking upon his dear face. All the same, she knew—and it came to her with crushing insistence now that she strove to turn to another—that she was in bondage to a memory. The words he had once spoken—the touches his hand had once given hers—the looks of pleasure or approbation he had once bestowed upon her, the ideas he had inculcated, the hopes he had inspired, were more to her, cold ashes though they might be, than all the breathing, living, loving realities any

other man could offer her. Then, how dare she say "Yes?"

In the one event, she would wander forth with her child into the wilderness that this world must ever seem to the poor and friendless, like Hagar of old, with none to care what fate befell. She must gird up her strength anew for the uneven fight for subsistence, enervated by the luxurious ease of the past year—made timid by the remembrance of her former trials. She must cast from her the sweet comfort of Eunice Haversham's gentle companionship. She must trample under foot, with what would seem the blackest ingratitude, the best gifts a good man can lay at any woman's feet—the gifts of a loyal heart and unsullied name. How could she say "No?"

In the other event, she must prepare to bury her wild, sweet hopes from human eyes; to place the sepulchral stone over a buried past, fastening it with a cement of rigid resolves and secret tears, so that even—

"In the hereafter no angel may
Roll the stone from that grave away!"

She must prepare to pronounce the truest, purest, most elevating affection of her life—its blackest transgression. She must narrow her life down to a formula, and square it by the rules of propriety, expediency, duty. How could she say "Yes?"

What she did finally say was this:

"If you are content to take me with a sealed past and only a woman's word for your future security; if you are content to take me with the simple assurance that I will try to be a comfort to your declining years; if you are willing to accept gratitude as a substitute for affection; if you are ready to risk companionship with a woman made sour and irritable by a succession of hardships—I will marry you. I can promise you nothing better."

And he, looking compassionately into her cold, sad face, answered:

"I have long since passed the time of life when a man regards matrimony as an open sesame to an earthly paradise. I am willing to take you on your own terms, Catherine, and I promise to bear with your shortcomings, as I hope you will bear with mine."

A long-drawn, shuddering sigh escaped her tightly compressed lips as she murmured:

"It is done!"

CHAPTER XXV.—CONVERGING RAYS.

NOT less trying was the interview which followed when Eunice came to Haversham to "thank" her for her decision.

"You know," said that gentle lady, "Ethan is all I have left in the world of a large family of brothers and sisters. We were always a delicate race—heart-disease is one of our inheritances from our mother, and no words can tell the suspense I endured while waiting for your answer to him. I am sure, Catherine (I may call you so a little in advance, may I not?), that an adverse decision would have been followed by serious consequences; then have I not good reason to be thankful to you and to love you?"

"No, I assure you, if you knew the cold-blooded, sordid train of calculation that led up to that decision, you would measure out to me unbounded contempt rather than thankfulness. I am making your brother but a poor return for the generous, unselfish affection he has bestowed upon me; but I have not deceived him as to the state of my own feelings. Now, then, enough of that subject, please."

"Well, then, to its collaterals," says Miss Haversham, smiling kindly—"such as time, style of entertainment, etc., etc. Ethan sent me to you this morning with orders to extract your royal highness's wishes on all these minor points."

"Your wishes concerning those details are more to the point than mine," said Catherine, inwardly recoiling from expressing herself at all in the matter.

"Thank you. I should prefer, then, to have it on the eve of our departure for Europe, and to combine the marriage-feast with Jessie Loring's debut. You know she will return from school permanently at the end of this session, and an heiress of such great expectations is entitled to make her first appearance in society with some éclat."

"I believe," said Mrs. Kendall, "it is Colonel Haversham's desire that his ward should accompany us to Europe."

"Yes; which is the occasion of our shortening her school-term by one year. Jessie's educational advantages have been all crowded into the two years she has been with us. Before that, she grew up in almost savage neglect, owing to the enfeebled condition of her mother, until Providence, or accident, threw a Mr. Raymond across their path, and he brought Jessie and her mother to New Orleans, put Jessie at a good school, and found comfortable quarters for the mother, who, however, died within a very few weeks of her arrival in the city. The mother had written to us before the father died; it seems he had some claim upon Ethan dating from their early manhood; but my brother was away from home when the letter arrived, and not being followed up by others, we had forgotten all about them, when a letter came from the young girl telling us that she was left desolate by the death of her mother and the absence of her one friend in California; so Ethan and I went to her, and found that, by her mother's last wishes, we had been left her personal guardians, while this Mr. Raymond in California had been left her sole business agent. He has kept Jessie liberally supplied with money, and, through a lawyer named Burton, has courteously supplied Ethan with all the information necessary concerning her property."

"She is very pretty, is she not?" asked Kate, more by way of making talk than from any abstract interest in Miss Loring.

"We think her charming—so fresh and bright

and original! We have only had her with us once or twice. It was her own wish that her studies should be carried on without the usual interruption of vacations, to 'make up for lost time,' she said."

"There is another member of the family you have not yet spoken of," said Kate, with some hesitation. "Will not her father desire her presence on the occasion?"

She had forced herself to say what she believed would be left entirely to her to say.

"You mean poor little Agnes? Yes. It appears to me we should have her home for the occasion; but I forewarn you, Catherine, that she is an element of discord and turmoil in our happy home-circle. Totally deaf and dumb, she seems, withal, to be possessed of an unusually quick perception and grasp of ideas. It is wonderful. She has become quite expert with her pen since she has been at the asylum, and expresses herself as freely and as tartly, I am sorry to add, as the best of us. The knowledge that she is not as other girls are seems to have soured her disposition. She is petulant and irritable to a degree that makes it hard work to please her, try as we may. And, withal, she is so pretty that one feels every sensation of anger swallowed up by ineffable pity. We had a cousin, Dr. Spencer Whitehurst, who firmly believed that, as Agnes was not born dumb, but missed the faculty of speech from having lost her hearing by a fall from the nurse's arms in infancy, he could cure her deafness and restore the power of speech to her; but Spencer was always fanciful, and although his experiment in Agnes's case was cut short by his sudden and violent death, I never believed it would come to anything."

Catherine had given an involuntary start at the name of Spencer Whitehurst—marveling that

Aktapa and Penjeh. Maruchak is twenty miles south of Penjeh, and thirty miles further south-east is Bala Murghab, lately Sir Peter Lumsden's headquarters, through which passes the great road from Herat to Balkh. At Maruchak the Russians practically command this road, which is one of the two lines of communication between Herat and Kabul, the other running due east from Herat along the Heri-Rud. This latest Russian advance, then, appears to be in the direction of cutting off Herat from the rest of Afghanistan. A more direct advance upon Herat would have been, and may yet be, along the Kushk instead of the Murghab River. The natural path for any considerable force moving upon Herat would be from Askabad to Sarakhs, and thence up the Heri-Rud River, through Pul-i-Khatum and Zulfikar.

POPULAR SONGS.

In the United States alone there are issued each year by the dozen leading publishers some 18,000 editions of songs, or between 16,000,000 and 20,000,000 copies of music. This, added to the reprints of English and foreign works, shows an estimate of about thirty copies daily, per capita, for each teacher and collegiate of music in the land. Yet, out of this vast number of publications, there is scarcely one out of every 400 editions issued that reaches a popular sale of more than 5,000 copies; and less than one-tenth as many that exceed an issue of more than 300,000 copies.

Since the days of Stephen C. Foster, Henry C. Work and John Howard Payne, a class of balladists has sprung into existence, the exact personification of which it would be difficult to individualize. This array embraces almost every vocation, from minstrel to mechanic. Among the more notable are Frank Howard, better known as the author of "Only a Pansy Blossom," "When the Robins Nest Again," etc.; Dave Braham, James C. Stewart, William J. Scanlan, Charles Connolly, H. Kennedy, C. A. White, M. H. Rosenfeld, Walter Phoenix, R. K. Emmet, and others. These constitute Ameri-

frequently caught up, hummed, and unconsciously repeated until a further desire to become fully conversant with it is realized.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE Bestiarists have made a third attempt to prevent biological research in Oxford, and have been signally defeated.

THE Sirocco is found to transport nearly three and one-half kilos. of iron as fine dust per one hundred million cubic metres of air.

THIS recipe for a liquid glue has been given by an authority on the subject: Soften 100 parts of best Russian glue in 100 parts of warm water, then add slowly and with great care 5½ to 6 parts of nitric acid, and finally add 6 parts of powdered sulphate of lead to impart to the glue a white color. The glue so made is said to be very adhesive.

PECHINERY's new method of making chlorine is set forth in *Le Génie Civil*. It consists in the addition of magnesia in a concentrated solution of magnesium chloride so as to produce a solid mixture, which is then treated with air and heat. Nearly all the chlorine is thus liberated—a part as free chlorine and a part as hydrochloric acid. The residue of magnesia is used over again with a fresh charge of magnesium chloride.

THE Committee of the Saltpetre Producers' Association, on the West Coast of South America (Comite Salitrero, Iquique, Chili), offers \$5,000 in prizes for essays on the use of nitrate of soda as manure. Of this amount (1) a prize of \$2,500 will be awarded for the best popular essay, sent in before October 1st, 1885, showing the importance of nitrate of soda as a manure and the best mode of its employment, and (2) a prize of \$2,500 will be awarded for the best essay, sent in before January 1st, 1877, treating of the same subjects on the basis of new experimental researches made by the author himself.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE grand Inter-State Drill began at Mobile, Ala., on Monday, and the city is *en fête*.

THE publication of the Revised Edition of the Old Testament has been postponed until May 19th.

THE steamship *Humber*, which left New York on February 15th, with British mails, is probably lost.

THE New Orleans *Times-Democrat* asserts that 170,000 of the people of that city have never visited the Exposition.

THE Bill to lower the price of gas in New York city was defeated in the Legislature at Albany, last Wednesday, by a vote of 64 to 52.

THE Italian Government means to subsidize the several Italian steamship companies in order to prevent the further use of their vessels to foreign nations.

THE Arctic steamer *Alert*, which was lent to the United States for the Greely Relief Expedition, was formally returned to the British Government last week.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company made a surrender last week, in according to the demand that the men employed in the Chicago office should be paid for overwork.

THE President, last Thursday, appointed Anthony M. Kelley, of Richmond, Va. (formerly appointed to the Italian Mission), to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Austria-Hungary.

A RECENT letter from Lima says: "Dr. José Mercedes Puga, the famous Montonero of the North and the uncompromising enemy of General Iglesias, was killed ten days ago at Huamachuco, where Caceres fought and lost his last battle with the Chilians."

WHISTLER, Sargent, Alexander Harrison and Frank Boggs are among the Americans represented in the French Salon of 1885, which opened on the 1st instant. The total number of works exhibited is 5,034, of which 2,488 are oil-paintings. Seventy-five American names appear on the catalogue.

THE celebrated Japanese village, which has been on exhibition at Hyde Park, in London, for some time, was destroyed by fire on the 2d instant. The village consisted of five streets of houses and shops constructed and peopled by Japanese, who plied their daily vocations as though in their own country.

THE average maple-sugar crop of Vermont is about 12,000,000 pounds. This year the crop will exceed the average, and may reach 15,000,000 of pounds. It is worth to the farmers of the State more than \$1,000,000, and is harvested before their season of planting begins. Vermont produces about one-third of the annual maple-sugar crop of the country.

THE new building of the Chicago Board of Trade, a picture of which appeared in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER last week—where, through an error, it was spoken of as the "Produce Exchange," was dedicated on Wednesday, the 29th ultimo, with elaborate ceremonies. It is said to be the finest commercial exchange building in this country.

THE United States Grand Jury has returned indictments against sixty-eight of the Oklahoma "boomers" separately, and a general indictment against the remainder of the Arkansas City colony, charging them with inciting and engaging in a rebellion against the Government in opposition to the President's proclamations. Nojays have yet been taken, towards making arrests under the indictment.

THE testimony in the Greenwood Cemetery investigation calls attention to a fact of growing sanitary importance—namely, that the number of bodies buried in Greenwood alone is two hundred and thirty thousand. Greenwood is only one of several cemeteries in Brooklyn which were formerly rural, but have now become urban by the growth of the city, which is fast encompassing them with dwelling-houses.

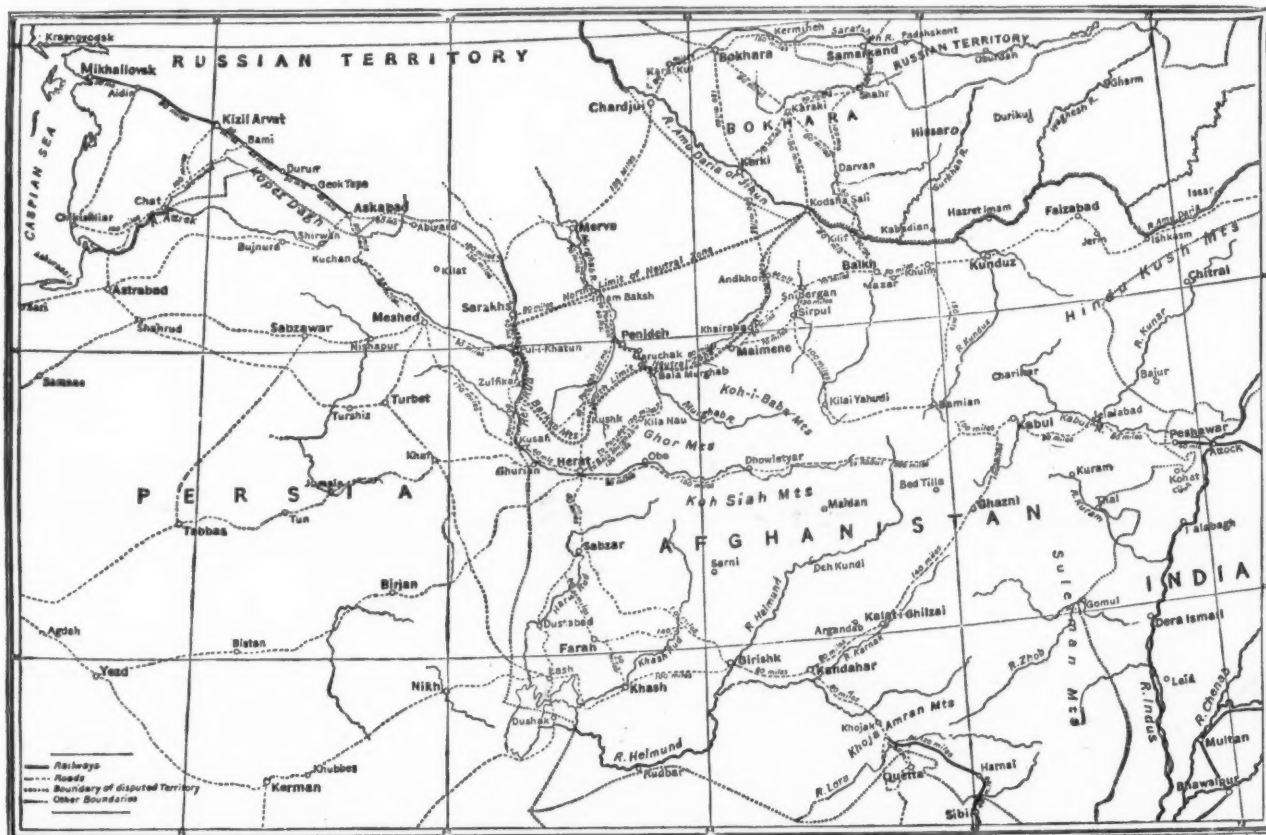
ON Sunday, of last week, there arrived in New York a fleet of mackerel schooners laden to the water's edge with an enormous haul of mackerel caught off the Virginia capes. More than twelve million mackerel were netted within twenty-four hours. In New York, shad and other fish had to come down in price in order to compete with the mackerel glut; and even the mackerel-catchers wished they had caught less and kept up the price.

THE billiard tournament in Irving Hall, New York city, closed on the 30th ultimo by a game between George F. Slosson and Jacob Schaefer, resulting in a score of 500 for the former to 310 for the latter. Slosson won the tournament and a prize of \$1,000, while Schaefer took the second prize of \$600. William Sexton won third prize, \$400, by defeating Maurice Daly and Joseph Dion, and Daly obtained fourth money, \$250 by victory over Dion.

THE passage of the Theatrical License Bill in the New York State Senate, last week, is regarded with satisfaction by all members of the theatrical profession, who seem to look upon it as a great victory for the stage. The moneys realized from theatrical licenses, instead of going to the House of Refuge, as formerly, will be turned over to the Board of Apportionment for distribution. While this will remove the stigma placed upon the dramatic profession by the old arrangement, it will not necessarily help the Actors' Fund, as was proposed.

THE American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, as an additional means of completing its work of providing the pedestal for M. Bartholdi's colossal figure, has prepared an exact reproduction of the statue and its pedestal in miniature. There are two of these statuettes, one twelve inches high and one six. The former is offered for sale at five dollars, and the latter at one dollar. The pedestal in each is of nickel silver and the figure of bronze. Remittances should be forwarded to Mr. Richard Butler, secretary of the committee, at No. 33 Mercer Street, New York.

THE trouble at the Isthmus of Panama appears to be practically ended. On the 30th ult., the insurgent general, Aizpuru, surrendered to the Colombian forces, which on the following day took possession of Panama. During the armistice of forty-eight hours, many—probably the greater portion—of the rebels escaped, taking with them their arms. The health of the United States naval force is quite good. The first battalion is at Panama, the second at Colon. The artillery, with Gatling guns, are stationed along the line at Matadin, San Pablo, and other places. Admiral Joutet has ordered the extra forces to return to their stations. General Aizpuru is on board the French flagship *Reine Blanche*.



MAP OF AFGHANISTAN AND THE SURROUNDING TERRITORY.

here, upon a remote Southern plantation, where, last of all, should she have expected to find any footprints in the sands of time, that name should suddenly be mentioned, to plunge her once more into the labyrinthine mazes of sorrow, guilt, misdoings and mistakes, of which it was the text!

An uncontrollable impulse led her to ask: "Was it ever discovered who killed Dr. Whitehurst? You know, I lived in New York at that time, and I remember the intense excitement of the affair."

"No—at least it was never made known. His mother was satisfied on that score, and suppressed all inquiry, saying, that as there had been but one witness to the killing of her son, and that one a voiceless witness, inquiry would be tedious and would outline the fleeting interest her son's fate had inspired the public with. Revenge was not her object—and to know the murderer would not restore the murdered. Aunt was always eccentric in her views."

"And the voiceless witness—" said Kate. "Was Agnes Haversham, my deaf and dumb niece. She was present in the office; but any allusion to the subject threw her into such paroxysms of excitement that Aunt Whitehurst refused to allow the detectives to interview her. But where have we drifted? I hate even now to talk of that horrible affair—we all loved Spencer. Yes, I think we had best leave Agnes home for the wedding. I will go for her myself when I go for Jessie Loring. Now, then, I must run away."

(To be continued.)

APPROACHES TO HERAT.

THE accompanying map will show at a glance the situation and relative positions of the principal points about which centres the interest in the present Anglo-Russian difficulty. By its aid the lines of the Russian advance, past and prospective, may clearly be traced. Maruchak, on the Murghab River, is the place to which the latest reported Russian advance was made, the route being along the river, through Sari-Yazi,

can writers only, and the authors of established hits in the list of American songs. They also specify chiefly such writers as have catered to and cultivated a popular sentiment—i. e., a universal patronage from the masses and the general public—an element to whom the more classical works of a Millard or Pinsky are unchosen.

Possibly the song which, within the range of later-day successes, has reached the largest sale is that pretty hit, "Scotch Lassie Jean," the sale of which has exceeded 1,000,000 copies—one of those exceptional successes, the melody of which holds the composition in general favor, despite its oft-quoted and hackneyed introduction by almost every variety troupe and street band in the country. Another hit of a similar nature, which has gained phenomenal success by a slow but steady sale, is the beautiful ballad, "Must We Then Meet as Strangers?" of which many editions have been printed; likewise Tucker's pretty song, "Sweet Genevieve," "The Spanish Cavalier," "Call Me Back Again," "Sweet Forget-me-not," "Pretty as a Picture," and the not least, but that charming song by Westendorf, "I'll Take Thee Back Again, Kathleen." Among other notable hits may be included "Pretty Pond Lilies," by Hall; Skelly's "Pretty Red Rose," and Dave Braham's later songs, "Oh, How We Pose!" "Black Pickaninny," and others.

Of those that have been most prominently on the list during the past year, together with their respective numbers sold, are:

	Copies sold.
Walt Till the Clouds Roll By (Fulmer).....	200,000
Peek-a-Boo (Scanlan).....	150,000
When the Robins Nest Again (Howard).....	80,000
I'll Await My Love (Howard).....	65,000
Climbing Up the Golden Stairs (Heiser).....	50,000
Hurry, Little Children, Sunday Morn (Braham).....	40,000

Of English sentimental songs that have been revived here during the past twelvemonth the largest sale has been of "Some Day," by Wellings (500,000 copies), "In the Gloaming" (500,000), and "Dream-faces," by Hutchinson (350,000).

It is universally conceded that, without the aid of the itinerant minstrel and the professional stage singer, very few, if any, of the popular airs now so familiar to us would exist. A catchy ballad or song brought out before an audience by a competent singer seldom fails to create a desire to imitate. Thus, a refrain indifferently heard is

A FRENCH mineral-water firm has begun to supply Paris dinner-tables with distilled water charged with oxygen. The beverage is milkly exhilarating and is likely to be popular. Dr. Beaumetz stated, in a recent address to the Société Thérapeutique, that he had found it very serviceable in cases of loss of appetite and certain disorders of digestion.

THE *Scientific American* approves of the proposal to establish a chain of lightships across the Atlantic. It considers the general idea good, and as to its practicability, it states that the experience with lightships proves that a vessel properly constructed may be made to ride out the fiercest storms at anchor, save upon rare occasions, and that the light steel cables of recent construction have been successfully used to anchor ships in the deepest water "off soundings."

SEEKING for bacilli, and investigating their powers when found, are favorite pursuits of the scientists at present. The bacillus, whether a plant or an animal, is a microscopic organism, claimed to survive a great deal of transplanting or transferring, and those who have them delight in carrying them around in culture-glasses to have them handy for experiments at all times and places. The *Bacillus putumani* is one which produces drunkenness, and a Dr. Sax, of Rainey, France, asserts that he has a drove of them in Pittsburgh. He claims that the injection of a few of them into the vein of a sober man would immediately cause the man to become drunk, with all that the name implies, even to the subsequent headache.

THE superintendent of the Naval Observatory at Washington has decided not to conform at present to the recommendations of the Prime-meridian Conference in respect to the beginning of the astronomical day. Hitherto the astronomical day has begun at noon, twelve hours later than the beginning of the civil day. The commission recommended the abolition of this distinction, and the Royal Observatory at Greenwich immediately accepted and acted upon the recommendation. It is understood that most of the professors in the Naval Observatory opposed the change as being inconvenient (requiring observations before and after midnight to be recorded as of different dates) and likely to lead to confusion in comparing observations made years ago with those to be made hereafter.

BATTLEFORD AND MEDICINE HAT.

GENERAL MIDDLETON was decidedly worsted in his first encounter with the half-breeds at Fish Creek on the 24th ultimo, as appears from his own report. Since then, communication with him from Winnipeg has been considerably interrupted, and his supplies have been threatened. Therefore, his advance is slow and cautious. Messages from him are to the effect that he sent an exploring party to look for the steamer *Northcote*, which carried his supplies. The vessel was found eighty-five miles south of Clarke's Crossing and stuck fast on a sand-bar, and the crew were perfectly helpless. A large quantity of ammunition is also on board the steamer, together with Gatling guns, and General Middleton must have ammunition, as

and no ground for excitement among settlers. On the other hand, Major Walsh, an ex-officer of the mounted police, who has been at Fort Qu'Appelle, says the situation is serious. He says 400 troops at Fort Qu'Appelle, and another at Qu'Appelle Station, are not sufficient to keep the Indians from committing depredations. The settlers' houses a few miles from the post have been plundered.

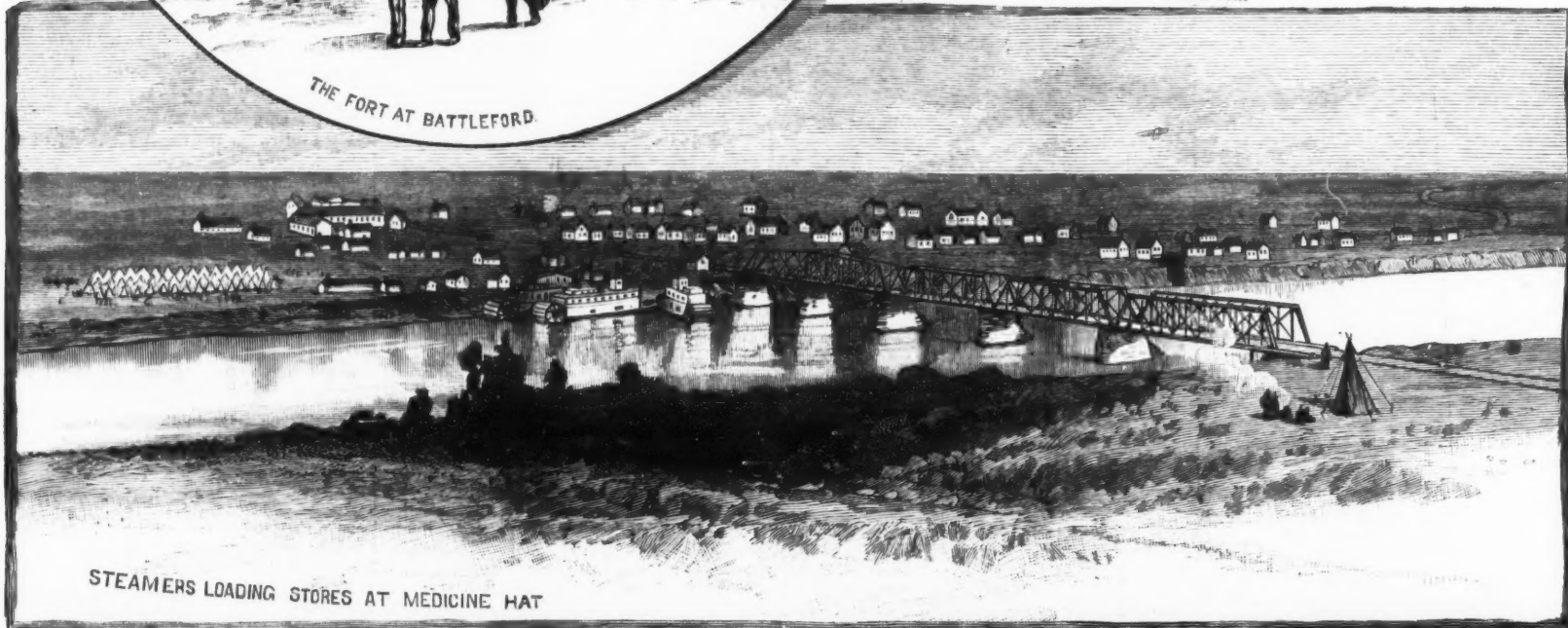
Our engravings, this week, include a view of Battleford, which was sacked by the Indians early in April, but which has since been relieved and occupied by the mounted police. The population of the settlement is about 600 persons, about half of whom are white. There are good stock and dairy farms in the neighborhood. A sketch is also given of the fortified building in which the citizens took refuge and were besieged by the Indians.

from Fort Carleton to Duck Lake, some ten miles distant, to regain possession of some supplies which had been surrounded there, and which the rebels had seized at the first outbreak, came in contact with 200 rebel half-breeds. A fight ensued, which lasted some time, when Crozier, finding his men far outnumbered, retreated to Fort Carleton, not, however, without serious loss, twelve loyalists being killed and eleven wounded.

FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA.

FORT WRANGELL is situated on Etolin Harbor, Wrangell Island, which adjoins that long, narrow strip of the mainland extending in a southeasterly direction between the British possessions and the Pacific Ocean. It is about 145 miles south-

southern coast an archipelago rivaling the better known archipelagos of the Southern Pacific. The 732 miles of latitude from the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad at the head of Puget Sound, in Washington Territory, to the head of Lynn Channel, contains one of the most remarkable stretches of island ocean navigation in the world. It is remarkable for its bold shores, deep water, numerous channels, innumerable bays and harbors, abundance of fuel and fresh water, and shelter from the swells of the ocean. The great mountainous islands of Vancouver, Queen Charlotte, Prince of Wales, Wrangell, Baranoff, Chichagoff, and others, form a complete breakwater, so that the traveler can enjoy an ocean voyage of a thousand miles without getting out to sea and without sea-sickness, the trip being made through chan-



CANADA.—THE REVOLT OF THE HALF-BREDS—SCENES IN THE SASKATCHEWAN REGION.—FROM THE TORONTO "WAR NEWS."

the present supply is nearly exhausted. He has sent teams down for supplies and ammunition, leaving the troops to walk up, as the water in the river is so low that there is little hope of getting the vessel off and proceeding until the water rises in the regular way by the melting of the snow in the mountains. If the supplies do not get in along the trail before the supplies from the steamer are forwarded, and Middleton waits until they come, the delay is likely to be tedious.

It is reported in Winnipeg that Riel has moved his forces from Batouche and intrenched himself again in the ravine where the previous battle occurred. Reports of the situation in the Qu'Appelle Valley are conflicting. The Hudson Bay factor says there is no danger of an Indian rising

The picture of Medicine Hat gives a general view of this important station on the line of the Canadian Pacific, whence the several steamers collected for Colonel Otter's river expedition (now abandoned on account of the lowness of the water) descended the Saskatchewan to Swift Current. They are shown at the landing, where they received the freight with which they were loaded, consisting of stores belonging to the mounted police.

On page 197 appears a portrait of Major Crozier, who commanded the mounted police in the first battle with the half-breeds at Duck Lake, on the 25th of March. The details of this affair will be remembered by our readers. Major Crozier, with one hundred men, comprising mounted police and volunteers from Prince Albert, while proceeding

east of Sitka. Fort Wrangell, as its name indicates, is a military post, and it is also a kind of missionary headquarters. In 1879 the Rev. Eugene S. Willard and his wife arrived in Sitka, and since then the Presbyterian missions in Alaska have been systematically prosecuted. In Sitka the Sheldon Jackson Institute for natives has been successfully established and maintained, and from this place and the McFarland Industrial Home at Fort Wrangell, as centres, the missionary influences go out to the great unexplored north.

The Aleutian district of Alaska, which is just north of the Sitkan, embraces the Alaska Peninsula, and the chain of islands which are really the continuation of the peninsula. Alaska is the great island region of the United States, having off its

nel between the islands and the mainland. The climate of Wrangell Island and the Aleutian Archipelago generally is by no means as rigorous as that of the Yukon district. It is moist and warm, and its Winters are less severe than those of Maine and Minnesota.

THE NEW HAVEN SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

THIS monument, one of the most notable in the United States, is to be erected in the Yale City. The base will be of granite; the shaft, of the same stone; and the crowning figure, of bronze. This figure will typify Peace. There are others, also,

at the base of the column, representing Victory, History, Patriotism, and Prosperity. There have been strifes which have been perpetuated before, but this shaft stands unique as commemorating the fallen heroes of four wars—the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War. There will be four bass-reliefs, illustrating the chief incidents of each war. These will be: "The Surrender of Cornwallis," "The Battle of Lake Erie," "General Scott's Entry into the City of Mexico," and "The Surrender of Lee."

Out of forty sketches submitted, this monument to be erected to the memory of our brave soldiers of Connecticut is the one chosen unanimously by the Association having the matter in charge.

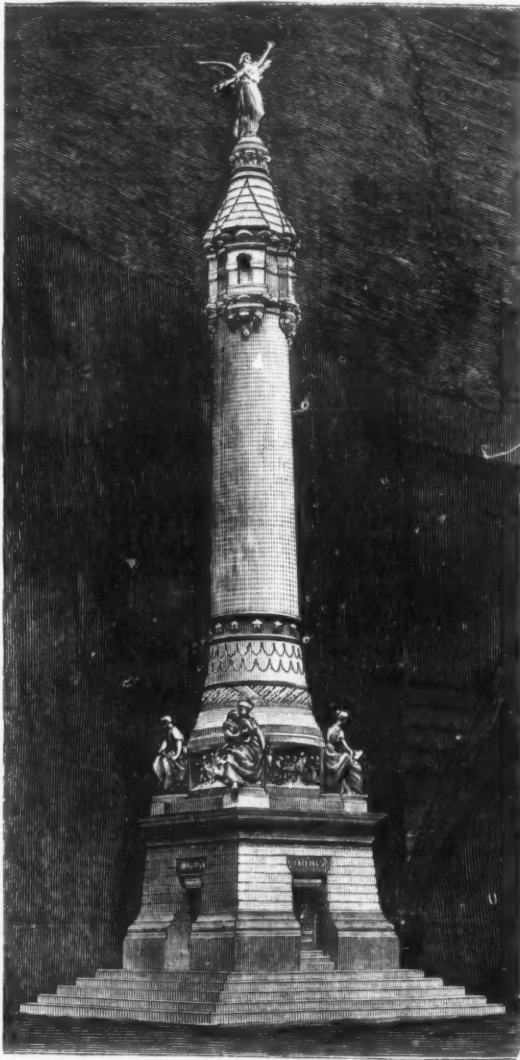
The artists are well known as the sculptors of the Yorktown Monument. Messrs. Moffitt and Doyle are engaged on several important compositions illustrating characters of the Civil War.

THE LATE ISAAC W. ENGLAND.

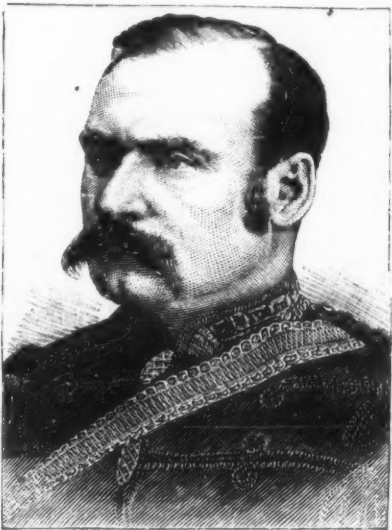
ISAAC W. ENGLAND, publisher of the New York *Sun*, and one of the largest stockholders of that newspaper, died his residence in Ridgewood, N. J., on Saturday, the 25th ult. Mr. England was born in the hamlet of Tiverton, a suburb of Bath, England, on Feb. 16th, 1832. At a very early age he was apprenticed to a bookbinder of Trowbridge, named Diplock. In his seventeenth year, and before his apprenticeship was over, he left this employment, and came to this country to seek his fortune. He went to work at his trade in Providence, and afterwards with the firm of Baker & Godwin, in New York. He succeeded so well that at the end of three years he was able to return to England. He went at once to Mr. Diplock's bookbindery, and, after having paid him for the loss of his time and services, took off his coat and showed his old comrades the improved American way of lettering and embossing.

After remaining two months in England, he returned to this country, and during the passage, which was made in the

steamer, he gathered data for articles which he afterwards wrote on the transportation of emigrants. These articles were published in the New York *Tribune* and in pamphlet form, and had influence in doing away with the brutal treatment of emigrants on ocean vessels. After his return to America, Mr. England worked for a while with Baker & Godwin. He had conceived an ambition to become a writer for newspapers, but, because he was obliged to work all day, he at first could see no way to gratify his desire. He finally hit upon the idea of spending his evenings in the streets looking for news. This idea he carried out with such industry, alertness and good judgment, that he was soon recognized on the *Tribune*—to which paper he first went—as a valuable man. He thus got a place on that journal's staff of reporters.



CONNECTICUT.—SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, TO BE ERECTED IN NEW HAVEN.



CANADA.—MAJOR CROZIER, COMMANDER OF THE MOUNTED POLICE AT DUCK LAKE.
FROM A PHOTO. BY BROCK & CO., BELLEVILLE.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE ISAAC W. ENGLAND, PUBLISHER OF "THE SUN."

From being a reporter he rose to the city editorship. He remained on the *Tribune* several years. He left that paper a thorough newspaperman. He next went to Chicago as associate editor of the *Chicago Republican*. Afterwards he returned East, to Jersey City, and managed the *Jersey City Times* until about seventeen years ago, when he joined with Mr. C. A. Dana and others in the purchase of the *Sun*. During the first year he became managing editor, but afterwards he became the manager of its business department. He remained in charge until his death.

Mr. England was a man of genial and kindly disposition, strong in his friendships as he was tenacious of his opinions in practical matters. His business abilities and energy were highly regarded. He was twice married. His second wife, two sons and three daughters survive him. He owned a large estate near Ridgewood, N. J. His home there was one of elegance and refinement, and his domestic life was exceptionally happy.

AN EAST-SIDE CHRISTENING PARTY.

A SCENE from the *comédie humaine* of New York life! It is high life, indeed, for are we not on the fourth floor of a tall tenement-house? The aristocracy of Avenue A and Tompkins Square is well represented, both in its dignified old age and its ebullient juvenility. It is, however, the bouncing first-born of young Mr. and Mrs. Gilhooly about whom the brilliant festivities revolve. "That blessed baby," which is about to have the names of all the principal friends of its parents, and of at least one saint, bestowed upon it for life, is handed about amongst the admiring guests like a choice bit of *bric-a-brac*. If it chances to be free from the torture of



NEW YORK CITY.—AN EAST-SIDE CHRISTENING PARTY.

misplaced pins and the various other ills that infancy is heir to, it joins in the general hilarity with a jubilant crowd and a reckless throwing out of pink little arms and legs. The instrumental music for the occasion is furnished by a local orchestra, consisting of a capacious accordion in the hands of an energetic youth, with an inexhaustible repertoire of tunes. A brood of a boy "welts the flure" in an Irish jig, to the delight and admiration of critical spectators, while beer flows like water, and strong tobacco scents the air. It is a great night on "our floor." The policeman on the beat, attracted by the sounds of revelry, lends his official presence to complete the scene. Such are the social distractions of the East Side; and the various types of participants have been represented by our artist with remarkable fidelity and success.

ALPHONSE DAUDET'S METHOD.

"I GENERALLY take one year for each novel. I can't do it in less. Each of my books is written out three times, you know. I first of all jot down my notes in a little pocket-book which I carry about with me. Then I write out those notes, crossing them off the pocket-book with a red pencil as I go along. The notes, just after they are written, are copied cleanly by my wife, who corrects any little errors of redundancy which I may have committed. I then take my wife's copy and go through it very carefully, adding and cutting to suit my taste. The result of this manipulation is a conformation of hieroglyphics which shock the eye. There is only one man in the world who could interpret them, and that is my private secretary—worth his weight in gold, let me say. To this long-suffering gentleman, therefore, my illegible manuscript passes, and from his hands it emerges, nearly what it ought to be, but not quite. After a few quieter struggles, however, it is ready for the printer. My wife is a positive boon to me. I don't really know what I should do without her. She writes on her own account, and I dare say you have heard of her 'Fragments of an Unedited Book.' A really curious thing is, that Mme. Daudet despises novels. I write them, you know, and she despises them. Ha! ha! good, isn't it? She can only endure deeper works, metaphysics and such like. She is also very fond of nature. She often tells me that my novels bore her. I really think she prefers my note-books.

"My life is full of note-books. I always make a practice of jotting down everything that happens to me, and of commenting thereon. Whenever I suffer I describe my feelings on paper. Look at this book. I call it the interior of my brain. It is full of impressions. Let me read you a little from it. 'To-day,' he began, opening at hazard, 'my burden is heavier than I can bear. My poor voice sounds harsh and noisy like a rattle in an unfurnished room.' No, I won't read you that. I am afraid malady is never very interesting. Here is an account of a very miserable day I spent at the seaside last year, when I was disgusted with myself in particular, and with humanity in general. 'How my unfortunate nerves have suffered in this hotel!' he read. 'I see my neighbors eating in hateful proximity to myself. One nauseates me with the filthy use of a toothpick; another ruminates like a cow; a third conducts himself more like a beast than a man. It is feeding-time, and the brutes are assembled. Life must be sustained. Man, the noble, is dependent upon this table for that power of which he is so proud. Ah! I am sick of humanity, of its bestiality and earthiness!' That," added M. Daudet, shutting up the book, "is a cry of pain. I could read on and give you details of a far more realistic character. I have written them out in the rough as Zola would give them to the public. That is the great difference between Zola and myself. I spend hours and days in thinking how to express the crudest of facts in a decent manner. Zola believes that to be time wasted. I always hold that all must not be shown. It is the intensity of art to be able to treat shocking subjects in a non-shocking manner."

FUN.

ROLLERS KATE is the most popular girl of the period.

WHEN creek meets creek then comes the annual Spring freshet.

"My fare is foul," as the boatman said, when he was carrying some poultry to market.

HALF of Colon having been destroyed by the revolutionists, it is now merely a Semi-Colon.

PERSONAL paragraphs in the Dutch newspapers are put under the head of "Meinheer Matters."

"WHAT can ever be a substitute, dear John, for the affection of a sister?" "Well, sis, that depends a good deal on whose sister it is."

THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.—Grandmamma: "Hark, Dorothy! Do you hear the puff-puff?" Dorothy: "The locomotive, I suppose you mean, grandmamma?"

A DEAF-AND-DUMB pair having got married, a young lady wondered if they could be happy. "Yes," said her beau, "of course they can—unspeakably happy."

FRAUDS AND IMITATIONS.

LET it be clearly understood that COMPOUND OXYGEN is only made and dispensed by DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who try it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover. Send for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free.

An elderly man in New York is so polite and loving that when he is dining with a young lady of his heart he puts syrup on his bald head to attract the flies and prevent them from annoying her.

Sohmer & Co., ranking among the foremost of our first class Piano Manufacturers, have lately again been obliged to enlarge their facilities for the manufacture of their Pianos. Our representative, on his recent visit to their Warehouses, was astonished to see so many customers, contracting for Sohmer Pianos, in spite of the general dull times. Mr. Chas. Fahr, with Sohmer & Co., in showing him around, stated, that the demand for their Pianos is quite extraordinary and are especially sought for by the musical profession for their own private use. Their "Bijou" Grand, in particular, (French named for "Gem"), and patented for them) is their great attraction, it being the smallest Grand Piano ever manufactured. (five feet). For fullness of tone, it rivals the largest sized Grand piano now in use.

In conclusion, we wish to state that, wherever a testimonial for endurance, perseverance and progress is due at all, it certainly should be awarded to the firm of Sohmer & Co.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. DECIDED BENEFIT.

DR. JOHN P. WHEELER, Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with decided benefit in a case of inattention of the brain, from abuse of alcohol."

LIEBIG CO.'S COCA BEEF TONIC.

"My patients derive marked and decided benefit from it," says PROFESSOR J. M. CARNOCHAN, M.D., Professor Surgery, New York Medical College. For bad taste in the mouth, bad breath, heartburn, pain in stomach and bowels, flatulency, constipation (symptoms of dyspepsia and broken-down digestion), it is invaluable. Also in biliousness, malaria, debility, liver complaints, sick-headache.

Counterfeiting a Valuable Article.

THE publisher of the Madison County Record writes from Huntsville, Ark., as to the effect of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS on his wife. Mr. Daugherty says: "My wife has been using the Bitters for some months; the effect in her case is remarkable." He also writes that, owing to counterfeits and imitations, it was difficult to get the genuine article. That difficulty has now been remedied: imitators have been exposed and put to flight. There, as elsewhere, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS can be had of all the respectable druggists at a dollar a bottle.

"How to save reshingling, stop leaks effectually and cheaply in roofs of all kinds, or lay new roofs." Particulars FREE to any one stating where they saw this. Goods sent to any part of the U. S. INDIANA PAINT AND ROOFING CO., 143 Duane Street, New York.

HE MISSED THE ECLIPSE.

"Did you see the eclipse?" asked a Fulton Street man of his neighbor. "See it? No. I had a glass and something smoky, but it was a glass of what the bartender called 'Smoky Scotch,' and I was eclipsed myself by the fust oil in it." "Well," said the other, "I saw the eclipse, and had some whisky, too; but it was DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY, which I buy from my druggist at \$1 a bottle. It is as much a medicine as it is a beverage. It has no fust oil, and is the only really pure whisky that I have been able to find. My daughter was quickly relieved week before last from a severe attack of pneumonia, and says DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY did her more good than any medicine she took. It has cured me of malaria, which I contracted last summer."

"I WOULD THAT I WERE DEAD!"

CRIES many a wretched housewife to-day, as, weary and disheartened, she forces herself to perform her daily task. "It don't seem as if I could get through the day. This dreadful headache, these frightful dragging-down sensations, will kill me! Is there no relief?" Yes, madam, there is. DR. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" is an unfailing remedy for the complaints to which your sex is liable. It will restore you to health again. Try it. All druggists.

BURNETT'S COCAOINE

SOFTENS the hair when harsh and dry. Soothes the irritated scalp. Affords the richest luster. Prevents the hair from falling off. Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.

THE TRYING WINTER AND SPRING

HAVE been very prolific of pneumonia and throat affections. SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with Hypophosphites is of great value in healing the inflammation of the throat and lungs, building up the system and giving flesh and strength. It is also very palatable. A four-ounce sample sent free for trial, except express charges. Address, SCOTT & BOWNE, 132 South Fifth Avenue, New York.

DELICATE diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and radically cured. Address, in confidence, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE "Exposition Universelle de l'Art Culinaire" awarded the highest honors to ANGELOUTRA BITTERS as the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite and to keep the digestive organs in good order. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured only by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS, and beware of imitations.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, Edenia. Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose. Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet. Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

DANGER AHEAD!

THERE is danger ahead for you if you neglect the warnings which Nature is giving you of the approach of the fell-demon—Consumption. Night-sweats, spitting of blood, loss of appetite—these symptoms have a terrible meaning. You can be cured if you do not wait until it is too late. DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY," the greatest blood-purifier known, will restore your lost health. As a nutritive it is far superior to cod liver oil. All druggists.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters.

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

LIEBIG CO.'S COCA BEEF TONIC.

"Did me much good," says —Edwin Booth.

"Benefitted me very much," says —General Franz Sigel.

"Far superior to the fashionable and illusive preparations of beef, wine and iron," says —Prof. F. W. Hunt, M.D.

Honorary Member Imperial Med. Society of St. Petersburg, Russia, etc.

"Gives more tone than anything I have ever prescribed," says —Prof. H. Goulton, M.D., LL.D.

Physician to the Grand Duke of Saxony, Knight of the Iron Cross, etc., etc.

Invaluable in dyspepsia, malaria, nervousness, nervous and sick headache, biliousness, neuralgia, debility and weak lungs. It will reconstruct the most shattered and enfeebled. Beware of imitations. Ask for Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic.

ANGLO-SWISS MILK CONDENSED MILK FOR INFANTS.

Milkmaid Brand, better for babies than uncondensed milk. Physicians recommend condensed milk as being the most nourishing. Milk, designated on the label "Prepared in Switzerland." Swiss condensed milk contains less sugar than any other. No other milk can be preserved with so little sugar.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPE'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drunkenness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

THE BALDWIN

Dry-Air Refrigerator.

Awarded the highest honors, receiving the Gold Medal at NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION, 1884-5; the Gold Medal at Mechanic Fair, Boston, Sept. and Oct., 1884; the Bronze Medal of Superiority, American Institute, New York City, Oct. and Nov., 1884. It is the most improved and Scientific Refrigerator known. Used in Leading Hospitals (including U. S. Army), Asylums, Almshouses, Colleges and many other prominent Public Institutions. For grocers and family use, without a peer. Call and examine, or send for circular. For sale by

BALDWIN MFG CO., 1272 Broadway, N. Y.

GRAND OFFER!

A COPY OF THE INAUGURATION NUMBER

OF Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,

Containing full illustrations of the

INAUGURATION OF GROVER CLEVELAND,

Portraits of the Cabinet, and a

Portrait of General Grant,

The largest, finest and most characteristic one ever published (from a recent photo), printed on very heavy paper, suitable for framing, size 14x20.

FOR 15 CTS.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,

53-55-57 Park Place, New York.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free.

399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna. Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

CURVES. The science of curve pitching, plain and complete instructions by experienced writers. Price in paper, postpaid, 50c. A. E. Ross, Publisher, 534 Delaware Street, Kansas City.



Cuticura

A POSITIVE CURE for every form of SKIN and BLOOD DISEASE

FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimples Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cts.; Soap, 25 cts.; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

WEBER

Grand, Square, and Upright

PIANOS

World renowned for their sympathetic purity of tone, great durability, and singing quality.

A fine selection of all styles always on hand.

WAREHOUSES: Fifth Avenue, cor. W. 16th Street.

NEW MUSIC!

Send two-cent postage stamp with your address for our latest catalogue. Address,

HITCHCOCK'S MUSIC STORE,

"Sun Building,"

166 Nassau Street, New York.

GILBERT Manufacturing Co.

346 & 348 BROADWAY,

New York.

POSITIVE REASONS

Why every Consumer, Manufacturer and Dealer should Use Exclusively our

TWILLS.

Every piece of Goods is Correctly Measured by Machinery, and the Yards and Quarters are plainly printed on the Selvage, thereby obviating the possibility of a Mistake in the Measurement to the Consumer.

Ladies know our goods from the imitation article, because they see the Initials of our Corporation on every yard, marked thus: G for the quarter-yard, and M for the three-quarters of a yard, leaving the yards and half-yards marked in plain figures.

No other 3-leaf goods are thus marked.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

Gout, Gravel, Diabetes. The Vegetal Salicylates, celebrated French cure (within 4 days). Only harmless specifics proclaimed by science. Box, \$1. Book and references free. L. PARIS, only agent, 102 W. 14th St., N. Y. Branch, 303 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOth AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

Dr. Young's Patent Electric Belts

A sure cure for Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness of Body & Mind, etc. Write for Pamphlet on Manly Vigor, free.

Dr. L. Young, 260 Hudson St., near Canal St., N. Y.

The Fight

against that feeling of indolence and debility, common to every one in the spring and summer months, is of no avail without the aid of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By its use, impurities are expelled from the blood, and new life is infused into the veins. It stimulates and strengthens all the digestive and assimilative organs. C. A. Wheeler, Hotel Clifford, Boston, Mass., says: "A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, taken in the spring, make me feel well and strong the whole year." C. J. Bodemer, 145 Columbia st., Cambridgeport, Mass., says: "I have gone through terrible suffering from dyspepsia; but I have cured myself, and saved a great deal of money in doctors' bills, by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

saparilla." It will help you.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

For sale by all druggists. Price \$1; six bottles for \$5.

H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS.

These are in every respect strictly first-class Paints, composed of pure linseed oil and the highest grade of pigments, combined by processes exclusively our own. They are unequalled by any in richness and permanency of color, and are the most durable and economical paints ever produced for general structural purposes. Sample sheets, and pamphlet "STRUCTURAL DECORATION," free, by mail.

Strictly Pure Colors in Oil, Varnishes, etc.
Roof, Car and Bridge Paints

In various colors for outbuildings, barns, fences, and for iron and rough woodwork.

Genuine Asbestos Roofing, Asbestos Steam Pipe and Boiler Coverings, Piston Rod and Wick Packing, Mill Board, Building Felt, Fire-proof Paint, Plastic Stove Lining, Cements, Coatings, etc.

Send for Full Descriptive Catalogue, Samples, etc.
H. W. JOHNS MFG CO.,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

87 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.
175 Randolph St., Chicago; 170 N. 4th St., Philad'a;
Billiter House, London.

HENLEY'S CHALLENGE ROLLER SKATE

Acknowledged by experts as the Most Complete Scientific Skate and by rink men as the Most Durable one in the market. Liberal terms to the trade. For new 48-page Illustrated Catalogue send 4-cent stamp to M. C. HENLEY, Richmond, Ind. Mention FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Phoenix Manufacturing Co.

41 Barclay Street,
New York City,
offer for sale at very low prices
Guns, Pistols, Sporting Goods
CUTLERY, TOYS, NOVELTIES,
and mail their Illustrated
Catalogue upon application,
free to any address. Correspondence in English, German, French and Spanish promptly attended to, and answered in the same languages.

A SUMMER RESORT GUIDE

Sent free. Address, A. V. H. CARPENTER, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

BEST TRUSS EVER USED!

Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture. Sent by mail everywhere. Write for full descriptive circulars to the
NEW YORK ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
744 Broadway, N. Y.

TO EMBROIDER

Crazy Quilts,

Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. Forty cents will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches included in each package. Send 40 cents in stamps or postal note to **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO.,** 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Renewed

strength and vigor follow the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After suffering for weeks with prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned." Thos. M. McCarthy, 36 Winter st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "I have been troubled, for years, with nervousness, and pains about my heart, especially in the morning. I also suffered greatly from debility. I have been cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am now able to do very hard work." Henry H. Davis, Nashua, N. H., writes: "I have found relief from that feeling of languidness, prevalent during the spring, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

I have taken it for years."

2 Views, 25 Cents.

To introduce our Views of the
Yellowstone Park and Northern Pacific
We will mail as samples Two Stereoscopic Views and Illustrated Catalogue for 25c. in stamps.

F. J. HAYNES, Fargo, D. T.
Largest Collection in the West.
Official Photographer Northern Pacific Railroad.

GUNTHER'S C. F. GUNTHER,
Confectioner,
CHICAGO.
[Refers to all Chicago.]
CANDY.
A sample order by express of the finest candy in America will be sent to any address for \$1, \$2, \$3, or \$5. Put up in handsome boxes, suitable for presents. Try it once.

50 Satin Embossed Cards, with name, 10c. (not the cheap 10c embossed pack) 50 Satin Embossed Cards, with name, 10c. (not the cheap 10c embossed pack) Ring for 50c. Agts., Albion, 25c. Alling Bros., Northford, Ct.

CARPETS Great Special Sale.

The entire balance of a manufacturer's stock of Brussels and Extra Super Ingrains, to close out quickly, at less than cost of production.

SHEPPARD KNAPP & CO.,
Sixth Avenue and 13th Street.

60 New Style, Embossed Hidden Name and Chromo Visiting Cards no 2 alike, name on, 10c., 13 packs \$1. Warranted best sold. Sample Book, 4c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

THE BRADLEY
PERRY'S PATENT
Sold on its Merits.
GUARANTEED
Free from Horse Motion.

TWO WHEELER.
The only Two Wheeled Vehicle that is absolutely free from all horse motion.
Illustrated Price List free.

BRADLEY & CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.
22 College Place, N. Y.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address **JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.**

WANTED—Ladies and Gentlemen to take nice, light, pleasant work at their own homes (distance no objection); work sent by mail, \$2 to \$5 a day can be quietly made; no canvassing. Please address at once, Reliable Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Box 1593.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. **E. TAYLOR & CO., Cleveland, O.**

KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.,
NO. 234 5TH AVE. CORNER 27TH ST.

Trust funds, estates, etc., managed on moderate terms, and income or interest promptly collected and remitted. Authorized to act as court, city or State depository; also as trustee, fiscal or transfer agent of corporations, States or municipalities. INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS, also DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO DEMAND CHECK.

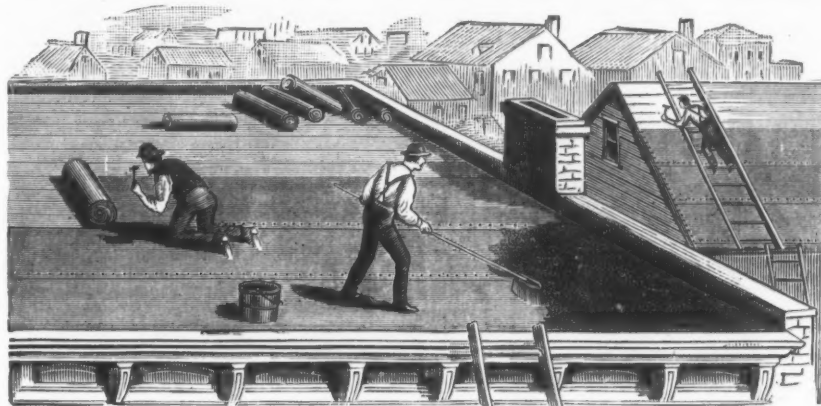
BOXES FOR SECURITIES, JEWELRY or other valuables to rent at \$10 per annum and upward, in FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF VAULT.

Special banking and coupon-rooms for ladies. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
FREDERICK G. ELDRIDGE, President.
CHARLES T. BARNEY, Vice-President.
JOSEPH T. BRO W. N. Secretary.

DIRECTORS:
Jos. S. Auerbach, Fred. G. Eldridge, H'y W. T. Mall, Chas. T. Barney, Jacob Hays, Rob't G. Remsen, Jas. H. Breslin, A. Foster Higgins, Andrew H. Sands, C. T. Cook, Harry B. Hollins, Jas. M. Waterbury, Jos. W. Drexel, Alfred M. Hoyt, Chas. H. Welling, Gen. George J. Magee, Hon. Ira Davenport, I. Townsend Burden, Bolton Hall.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. Packages, 25c. Makes 5 gallons of delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. **C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila., Pa.**

DYKE'S BEARD FLIXIR Forces receding frontiers, Whitens, or hair on bald heads in 25 to 30 days. Best young and old use every body. 2 or 4 Place Glass the work. Will prove it or forfeit \$10.00. Price per Package with directions sealed and postpaid 25 cents. 50c per doz. **A. L. SMITH & CO., Sole Agts., Baltimore, Md.**



This cut represents laying over rough boards our

RUBBER ROOFING.

Costs only \$3.25 per square, 10 x 10 feet, and will last a lifetime on steep or flat roofs. Send at once for Book Circular. References and samples free, if you mention this paper.

INDIANA PAINT AND ROOFING CO., 143 DUANE STREET, N. Y.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR TESTIMONIALS:

New York, Sept. 11, 1883.
Nearly all, if not ALL, of our large warehouses on the shore line of Brooklyn and New York are covered with this or a similar roofing. These buildings contain millions of dollars' worth of goods. Specimens of Rubber Roofing were presented to our committee long ago, and approved, making no greater charge than for a Tin roof. I have seen experiments on this roofing by building fires on them without damage. In my own personal experience I can testify as to the value of this roofing. My own dwelling was covered with tin, and bothered me by continually leaking. Five years ago I had this roofing put on, and never have had a drop of leak since. The roof was ranked soon by our Board, and no change has been made. I know for I am the party who would have promulgated such change.

JAS. HARRISON,
Supt. Board of Fire Underwriters, New York.
I have thoroughly tested your Temporary Rubber Roofing, and find it is exactly as you describe it—a perfectly waterproof and sunproof material; and taking into account the rapidity with which it can be applied, the number of years it will last, and the ease with which it can be transferred from one building to another, I can safely say it is the cheapest article of that kind on the market. We used 13,000 feet.
J. C. FORSYTH, Supt.,
Georgia Land and Lumber Co.,
CAMPS, Telfair Co., GA., Oct. 29, 1884.

Note.—Temporary Roofing costs but \$2 per square of 10 x 10 feet.
It has given excellent satisfaction, is perfectly waterproof, and the heaviest storms do not beat under it. I think it is the very best roof for hen-houses, as you can make the roof nearly flat; it also makes building warm in Winter and cool in Summer.

EDW. E. MALLETT,
Breeder of Pure-blood Fowls,
SOMERVILLE, CT., Nov. 27, 1884.
Note.—Our "Temporary" can be used to advantage both for the roof and also to line inside of hen-houses; this keeps all wind out in Winter, and all vermin at any time. Try it.

We used your Rubber Roofing and Slate Roofing Paint on several large barns, and it has given entire satisfaction. They make a first-class roof, are cheaper and more easily put on than any material we can get in this section. We are building a barn 200 feet long, and will cover it with your Roofing.
PALMER & BOWMAN, Saltville Stock Farm,
SALTVILLE, VA., Oct. 31, 1884.

Note.—Palmer & Bowman are proprietors of the largest herd of registered Shorthorn Cattle in the World, and are rated financially over one million dollars.

AGENTS WANTED.

BARBERS RECEIPT BOOK
FOR THE USE OF BARBERS ESPECIALLY
PRICE \$ 2.00 CIRCULARS FREE
J. C. SCHENK, 490 WILLIAM, ST. BUFFALO, N. Y.

Weak Nervous Men

Who suffer from Debility, Premature Decay and Exhausted Powers, certainly and permanently cured without TOMORROW'S MEDICINES by the **Marston Balm**; the new plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, &c. Endorsed by thousands who have been restored to full and perfect manhood.
Sealed treatise sent free.
Varicocele cured without Surgery. Address
MARSTON REMEDY CO., or DR. H. TREESKOW,
46 West 14th Street, New York.

LADIES

ANTI-CORPULENT PILLS reduce Superfluous Flesh 15 lbs. a month. Harmless and certain. Sealed particulars, 4 cts. **WILCOX SPECIFIC MEDICINE CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

"OF TWO EVILS,"

—A—
Novel of American Life
—BY—
PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

—AUTHOR OF—
"THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC., ETC.,
Begins in the
JUNE NUMBER

—OF—
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly

RUPTURE
Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt-Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective in curing Rupture 500 cured in '83. Send Stamp for pamphlet.
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TRUSS CO., 191 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

OPIMUM. MORPHINE. ALCOHOL
HABITS, QUICKLY
& PAINLESSLY CURED AT HOME
BY DR. KANE.
GIVING ENDORSMENT FROM EMINENT
DOCTORS, HOSPITALS, NEWSPAPERS, &c.
TERMS REASONABLE. STATE 1884

RUPTURE

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, 251 Broadway, New York—
Dear Sir: I saw an advertisement that Dr. Sherman was in St. Louis. I went to give you a call, but found an old man in your place. This man is taking advantage of your reputation, and advertising in a way that will mislead the public. I am getting along all right; have not seen my rupture for about four months, and hope it will never show up again. Please send me compound.
Your patient, E. W. HAWKINS.
Murphysboro, Ill., April 6, 1885.

Dr. J. A. Sherman—the only Dr. Sherman—known to the public through his successful method of treating rupture for the past 35 years or more, is now at his office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with endorsements of physicians, merchants, farmers and others, is mailed for 10 cents.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express & P. O. address. **DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 151 Pearl St. N. Y.**

KNOW THYSELF! HEAL THYSELF! Valuable treatise, richly illustrated, and self-cure sent fr. e. Address N. E. Mad. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

PILES

Cured without Knife, Powder or Salve. No charge until cured. Write for reference.
DR. CORNINS, 11 E. 29th Street, N. Y.



HOW IT IS DONE IN AFGHANISTAN—GENERAL KOMAROFF MAKES AN EXPLANATION.

Arnold, Constable & Co. HOUSEKEEPING DEP'T.

We now offer a choice selection from the best Manufacturers in Table, Bed and Family Linens, Damask and Huckabuck Towels and Towelings, Lunch Cloths with and without Napkins and Doilies, Tray Cloths, Pillow Shams and Sheets, Embroidered, Tucked and Ruffled; Marseilles and Honey Comb Quilts, Summer Blankets, etc., together with a large stock of Foreign and Domestic White Goods of every description.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES & TRICYCLES

FINEST MATERIALS
SKILLFUL WORKMANSHIP

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE

"You may justly claim that the Columbia has not its equal in quality of material and finish."—F. J. DEAKE, U. S. Inspector of Material.

THE POPE MFG. CO.
597 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON MASS.
12 WARREN ST. NEW YORK
BRANCH HOUSES: CHICAGO

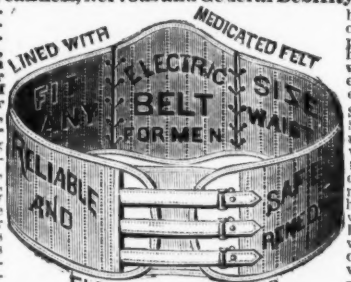
DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC BELTS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. PRICE, \$8.00 ON TRIAL.

Probably never since the invention of Belts and Supporters has so large a demand been created as now exists for Dr. Scott's Electric Belts. Over twenty thousand people in the City of New York alone are now wearing them daily. They are recommended by the most learned physicians in the treatment of all Male and Female Weakness, Nervous and General Debility, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy, Pains in Head, Ribs, Back or Limbs, Diseases of Spine, Kidneys, Liver and Heart, Falling, Inflammation or Ulceration. There is no waiting a long time for results. Electro-magnetism acts quickly, generally the first week, more frequently the first day and often even during the first hour they are worn their wonderful curative powers are felt. The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated, and all the old-time health and good feeling come back. They are constructed on scientific principles, imparting an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system. The celebrated Dr. W. A. Hammond, of New York, formerly Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made even in cases which would seem hopeless. Dr. Scott's Electric Belts worn with either his Belt or Corsets accomplish most wonderful results.

Price of Insoles, 50c.

We will send either Lady's or Gent's Belt on trial, post-paid, on receipt of \$3.20, guaranteeing safe delivery. State size of waist when ordering Lady's Belt. Remit by money order or draft at our risk, or currency in registered letter. Address GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

Dr. Scott's Electric Corset, \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3. Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brushes, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3. Dr. Scott's Electric Flesh Brushes, \$3. Dr. Scott's Electric Tooth Brush, 50c.



Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."



The Committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work, in order to raise funds for its completion, have prepared a miniature Statuette six inches in height—the statue bronzed; pedestal nickel-silvered—which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at ONE DOLLAR EACH.

This attractive souvenir and mantel or desk ornament is a perfect fac-simile of the model furnished by the artist.

The Statuette in same metal, twelve inches high, at Five Dollars Each, delivered.

Address, with remittance, **RICHARD BUTLER, Sec'y,** American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, 33 Mercer Street, New York.

QUEEN OF WATERS.

THE WAUKESHA GLENN SPRING, standing at a temperature of 48 degrees both Summer and Winter, fully establishes the fact that it flows from the Maximum Mineral Fountain, and is, in the opinion of the most eminent medical men, Nature's Sovereign Cure for CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, TORPID LIVER, INACTIVE CONDITIONS OF THE KIDNEYS. With ladies, gentlemen and bon vivants everywhere it has become the standard. Address, **T. H. BRYANT, Waukesha, Wis.**

RAWSON'S (Self-Adjusting) U. S. ARMY

SUSPENSORY BANDAGE.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed—Support, Relief, Comfort.
AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTABLE.
DISPLACEMENT IMPOSSIBLE.
Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular Mailed Free.
Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail safely.
S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

What d'ye lack, my Masters, What d'ye lack?

ye Greate Englyshe COMPLEXION SOAP.

ESTABLISHED 100 YEARS.

Pears' Soap, A Special Preparation for y^e Complexion.

As used and recommended bye *Mistress Adelina Patti, Mistress Lillie Langtry, and other beauteous Ladyes.* Y^e Soape is marvellous for improving y^e Complexyon, and for keepynge y^e handes inne nice ordere. Y^e Proprietors of PEARS' SOAP are y^e makers bye Royal Warraunt to y^e Prince of Wales. Y^e faire maidens and matrons, and goodlie youths and menne of America will truly find that y^e wonderful virtues of PEARS' Soap, which all y^e druggists fell, have not been over-rated.

BEHNING PIANOS

Have universally received Highest Awards and Honors wherever exhibited for greatest Purity and Evenness of Tone, Elasticity of Touch, Simplicity of Action, Solidity of Construction, Excellence of Workmanship and Elegance of Finish, and are pronounced by leading Pianists and Musical Authorities

THE BEST NOW MADE.

Warerooms, 3 West 14th St., N. Y.

GOLD PENS.

PENCILS, HOLDERS, CASES, ETC.

The Calli-graphic Pen,

A Gold Pen and Rubber Holder, containing ink for several days' writing. Can be carried in the pocket. Always ready for use. A luxury to persons who care to preserve their individuality in writing.

MABIE, TODD & BARD,
Cor. Liberty and Nassau Sts., New York.
Send for Price List. Our Goods are sold by First-class Dealers.



The Horsman Special BICYCLE.

Sizes 28 to 30 inch. Prices \$35 to \$72.00.
Horsman American Challenge
Sizes 32 to 34 inch. Prices \$74 to \$82.00.
Horsman American Safety
Sizes 42 to 56 inch. Prices \$76 to \$80.00.
General Headquarters for Bicycles, Tricycles and Sundries. Repairing and Nickel-plating done at short notice. 2d Hand Bicycles bought, sold or exchanged. Send stamp for Bicycle and Lawn Tennis Catalogue. E. I. Horsman, 80 William St., N. Y.

3 Printing Press Do Your Own Printing!
Card & Label Press, \$3; larger sizes, \$5 to \$75. For old or young. Everything easy; printed directions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, etc., to the factory. **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.

Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY.



THIS WHISKEY SHOULD BE FOUND ON THE SIDEBORD OF EVERY FAMILY
IT IS ABSOLUTELY PURE. ENTIRELY FREE FROM FUSEL OIL.
DO NOT BE DECEIVED.—Many Druggists and Grocers who do not have **Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey** in stock, attempt to palm off on customers, whiskey of their own bottling, which being of an inferior grade and adulterated, pays them a larger profit.

ASK FOR DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, AND TAKE NO OTHER
SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

Price ONE DOLLAR Per Bottle.

Send us your address and we will mail book containing valuable information. **Sample Quart Bottles** sent to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), securely packed in plain case, **Express charges prepaid** on receipt of **\$1.25**, or Six Bottles sent for **\$6.00**

DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Selling Agents for New York, **P. SCHERER & CO., 11 Barclay Street.**

HOME, SWEET HOME.

\$5 MONTHLY BUYS YOUR OWN.

A Profitable Investment.
EACH \$5 DOUBLED MONTHLY, AND LOSS RENDERED IMPOSSIBLE.

NEW YORK WILL BE

THE FUTURE CITY OF THE WORLD.

Property around it is rapidly increasing in value, and must continue to do so.
500 BUILDING LOTS, BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED.
On high, healthy, well-drained ground, in about the choicest dwelling locality of Newark, N. J., many of which command an extensive view, embracing Staten Island, New York, Brooklyn and the bays, islands and cities intervening. Newark is only thirty minutes from New York by rail and ferriage. Excursion tickets only thirty cents, and trains run every half hour by at least four different railroads.

Each lot will be sold on a payment of \$5 down and \$5 per month thereafter until paid for, and cottages will be built for purchasers on similar terms.
The prices of lots for this month will be \$225, \$310 and \$410, according to location, which prices include the grading of streets and deed. All unsold lots will be increased \$5 monthly.

The approaches to these lots are probably unsurpassed in any city for the breadth and beauty of its avenues, the architectural effect of the palatial residences, and the delightful views which the gentle ascent affords at almost every onward step, while the well-kept avenues afford sheltering shade from majestic trees.

The lots are less than two miles from Newark's City Hall and combine city and country.
Circulars and maps of R. WILSON, Attorney, 335 Broadway, N. Y.

A. C. SPALDING & BROS'. BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES,



THEY STAND ALONE AS THE HIGHEST QUALITY OF BICYCLE MANUFACTURING
Send stamp for Spalding's Bicycle Journal.

108 Madison St. - 241 Broadway,
CHICAGO. NEW YORK.

60 LOVELY CARDS, Assorted, Hidden Name & Chromos, with a pretty 50-page Autograph Album, and two \$5 Prize Puzzles, all postpaid for 14c. Send a club of 4, and we will print you a package free. Order at once! (Agents' samples only 4c.)
HOLLEY CARD WORKS, Meriden, Conn.

Pneumonia, Consumption, Dyspepsia and Wasting Diseases.

Positively Relieved and Nature assisted in restoring Vital powers